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THE FIRST KISS.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

You kissed me! O, how I trembled,
With the overpowering bliss,
As your lips, like perfumed rose leaves,
Floated downward in a kiss!
How my heart throbbed wildly, fondly,
As it ne'er before had beat,
When you pressed upon my glowing lips,
That kiss of nectar sweet!

Oh! my, downcast face flushed fiercely,
With the ruddy flaming heat;
As Cupid made my heart his ball
And flung it at your feet.
Ah! my eyes seemed swiftly blinded
With the sudden shower of mist,
That quickly filled them at the thought
That I, by you, was kissed!

O, you kissed me gently, softly,
As dove broods o'er her young,
And your lips touched mine as gently,
As sweet love words often sung.
O'er the first hour's cradled slumbers,
In every mother's tongue,
With rapturous joy, fond hopeful pride,
And fervent love o'erhung!

Oh! I felt your burning glances,
Tho' I dared not meet your eyes,
That mirrored in their liquid light,
The azure of the skies!
Ah! how I wondered dreamily,
If in Heaven, there could be bliss,
If in the Spirit Land above,
While winged angels ever kiss!

SO NEARLY LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MODEL GIRL," "A LITTLE VIRAGO," "LADYBIRD," "WILFUL BAB," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"OH, I am quite sure!" he answered gloomily. "She did not leave me in any doubt on that point, I assure you. She was very clear and explicit. But I was such a fool I could not believe it at first, and made her tell me the truth plainly. She said she would not marry me if there was not another man in the world."

"Did she tell you that?"

"That, or something like it."

"Then she was abominably rude!" Diana cried, a feeling of anger bringing the color to her cheeks. "I would not take it to heart if I were you. But how could she have been such a—such a goose?" she concluded calmly. "She must know that——"

"That what?" he asked eagerly.

"There are many men in the world who would never make their wives happy," Diana began faltering—"but she has seen a great deal of you."

"That's just it," he remarked dolefully. "I am afraid I have often pestered her horribly, and a woman's quite right not to give herself up to the chance of being bored throughout a lifetime. Don't you think so?"

"I think she was very silly," Diana replied stoutly, "and I am extremely angry with her." She was, there was no doubt of that. There was a dangerous flash in her eyes, and her hand was clenched as she spoke, though she was unconscious of the fact. "I do not think she can have been worthy of you," she added.

"You have never seen her," the poor fellow said disconsolately.

"Yes—I have," Miss Terry observed unguardedly.

"Oh, but that was only her photograph you saw!"

"No—it was herself," Diana persisted. "I saw you both one evening at the Comedy Theatre."

"And you thought her lovely?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Diana answered, with a little sigh.

"She is," he asserted—"every one says so! She is the belle of the room wherever she goes, for she has such winsome ways. And she is not in the least spoiled by the admiration she excites, for I have seen her sit for a whole hour by the side of some old fellow, in whom she could not possibly have felt the least interest, while there were a dozen young men hanging about simply dying to talk to her."

"You can't expect me to admire her altogether," Diana said rather savagely. "She has not behaved well to—to a friend of mine, and I am naturally angry. But, if you wish to talk about her, you may do so. Did you come down all this way on purpose?"

"Yes," he replied dismally. "You see you know all the way through how gone I was on her. And you had made that house so pretty, more especially the room that we used to call hers. I felt I could talk to you better than any one else."

"Well, go on, then," Miss Terry told him.

She seated herself by the table again and took up a pencil, with which she had been tracing lines on a piece of drawing-paper. She was in a strange mood.

There was something beating at her heart that she did not understand. She had never experienced so many contrary feelings at one time in her life. But the predominant one was that of anger.

How dared that girl—most likely empty-headed and empty hearted—pride and plume herself so on the strength of her mere good looks to reject a man who was so good that she ought to have gone down upon her knees and thanked Heaven sincerely for obtaining his love? But how could he have so little spirit as to regret her.

Diana felt ashamed of him. What did he mean by resting his head on the mantlepiece in that fashion, and looking so woebegone and heart-broken? She glanced once more at him, and her mood softened. How tired, even ill, he seemed!

"Do sit down and take off your great coat!" she said gently. "You can be just as miserable even if you are a little comfortable. Come!"

She actually got up and laid one hand on the sleeve of his overcoat to enforce her words, and he mechanically took off his coat.

"You are very good and kind," he told her, as he sank into the great easy chair with its patchwork cushions. "I knew you would be kind. If I had had a sister, I should have liked one just like you. You are so jolly and sympathetic always, and you understand so quickly. I couldn't have returned to America without seeing you."

"When do you go?" Diana asked, with a little catch in her breath.

"As soon as ever I can square up matters," he answered. "Then it will be a long farewell I shall bid to this country. I shall stop in California for the rest of my life, I think. I wish I had never left it, for all I have obtained in Europe is a heartache."

"And a friend, I hope," observed the girl.

"Oh, you are just a brick!" he declared, stretching out a grateful hand, which caught hers and squeezed it, pencil and all. "Yes—I have found you certainly, and I want you to do me a great favor. Will you?"

"What is it?" Diana asked cautiously.

"There is that house. Now I could not bear to think of anybody having it. I wished a man could do as he likes with his own property, for I would burn it down, after delivering a funeral oration over it, and setting it alight with my own hand. But they won't let a fellow do that. So I had been thinking, if you would take it, I should be so glad. I would rather you had it than anybody."

"I couldn't think of such a thing!" she declared.

"But wait and listen," he said, warming as she drew back. "You don't understand what a kindness you would be doing me. I think of the place from morning to night now, and dream of it too. I foresee it all going to decay and ruin, and the mice and the damp getting in. You once said that you would never allow mice to come into that house, but they will. You know how soon a house gets spoiled, if no one lives in it; in a year it will be a wretched place, if it is left standing empty. And in that case I think I shall haunt it. I shall not have to die for that, you know; my 'double' can walk there when I am asleep in the New World, which is my old world, by-the-way, and you will think of me prowling there at night and keeping the mice company. But, if you will only take it, you may pay me a pepper-corn rent, if you like, then the ghosts and the mice and every evil thing will keep away. Any house would be safe that had you in it. And"—his voice dropped—"if you would only occupy her room, as we used to call it, for your own, I should be very grateful to you. I should so like to think of it with you in it."

Diana rose and confronted him, and her face was very pale.

"I am sorry," she replied in a voice that was for once unmusical, "but I cannot do this, even for you. I would do a great deal to—to set things right for you, but—I could not live in that house. It—it is haunted for me as well."

He passed his hand over his forehead wearily.

"But think what a good advertisement it would be!" he urged.

"I cannot do it," Diana repeated. "But I am grateful to you for the thought, and I shall always remember your most generous offer."

At that moment old Anne came into the room with a tray.

"You will stay to luncheon?" Diana queried, as Mr. Carr rose. "At least," she added a little shyly, "in this part of the world we dine at this hour. I hope you will keep me company?"

Her voice was absolutely pleading. She did not want him to leave her with that cast-down disappointed look on his face, and she was anxious to show him that, though she could not do this one thing he desired, yet she was truly friendly at heart.

"I shall not be in your way?" he asked.

Diana laughed.

"If you can put up with our simple fare," she answered, "it will taste all the better for your being here to share it."

Mr. Carr did not seem hungry at first; but Diana coaxed and tempted him with daintily cut slices of lamb, and with the gooseberry sauce, which was considered the proper accompaniment to spring lamb in that part of the world.

He was young, though he was so miserable, and, when there was a very charming woman, though she was not the woman, seated opposite to him, taking a tender interest in all that he ate and drank, he managed to find an appetite; and, after dinner, he was not a little ashamed of himself for feeling so much more light hearted than he had done before. When they were sitting cracking nuts by the fire, he turned to the subject of the house. Why would not Diana consent to use it? The obligation would be entirely his.

Miss Terry listened with more calmness to the proposition than she had done at first. In her own mind she was just as determined on the point. She could not have quite told why she allowed him to think that in time she might regard his proposal differently. Perhaps she felt that, as long as he thought he might gain his point, he would be likely to remain in England. At any rate, she resolved to leave the subject for the present.

"Let us talk of that some other time," she said quietly. "It is too sudden for me to take to the idea yet."

The man glanced at her eagerly, as if he would like to say more on the point, but there was something in her face that checked him.

"I will take you to see my sister this afternoon, if you will care to come with me," she told him after a while. "I don't know if you will like one another—at least, I dare say she will like you," she added, glancing at him. "Charlotte is one of the primmest of women, and yet the fact remains that she always judges more leniently of men than women. I dare say you two will get on very well."

"I will try, as she is your sister," Mr. Carr said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile.

"That was a mistake," Diana remarked gravely. "We had no business to be in the same family at all. I can't think what Providence was thinking of to muddle things so. It has never been a satisfactory arrangement to either of us—till lately." The last words she added as an afterthought, with a smile.

"I am superintending the decoration of her house," she explained demurely; but there was nothing in her tone to connect this sentence with her last.

"Well, they do look a pictur!" old Anne said, as she watched the pair go down the little garden together. "I do hope they'll make it up; they couldn't neither of 'em do better, I do believe."

There was a flush on Diana's face that afternoon as well as a sparkle in her eyes. Yet there was no particular reason for her brighter looks, as she told herself when she went upstairs to put on her hat, and saw the alteration the last few hours had effected in her.

"The man is nothing whatever to you, Diana," she murmured severely to her reflection. "He has told you quite plainly that he thinks of you only as a sister; besides, what sort of a man should you think him, if he could turn one woman out of his heart to make room for another at a moment's notice? It would be like letting apartments, not falling in love. Still, the day is pleasant, and I will make it as bright for him, poor fellow, as I can. What a goose that girl is! Where does she expect to get another man like him, I wonder?"

With her thoughts racing in this fashion, it is no wonder that Diana's eyes were bright and her smiles gracious. She told herself that she was only doing her duty in trying to make him forget that heartless girl.

She had no mercy on Miss Wallace, for, in Diana's mind, she was an example of everything that was most objectionable in woman. Had she not first flirted with, and led on and then thrown over, quite the best man that Miss Terry had ever seen—"except dear Mr. Irwine," she added, as a saving clause? She was great at self-deception, was this young woman.

Mrs. Primmer was delighted to have the young American at her tea table. She professed the greatest interest in California, and showed a meekness and a desire for information that made her sister wonder and think more of the young man's attractions than ever.

"Your sister is really a charming woman," Mr. Carr confided to Diana when at last they came away together. And Diana replied very demurely that she was glad he had enjoyed himself.

"Do you mean to stay in Willowmere?" Diana inquired, as they walked towards the village, from which Mrs. Primmer's house was about half a mile away.

"I brought down a bag with me," Mr. Carr answered. "I was not sure what might happen, so I left it at the station. But I want to talk you into acquiescence with that pet plan of mine. I saw an inn called 'The Swan' as I came through the town, and I think I shall betake myself there."

"You will have a dear old landlady, then," Diana said, "She is the typical old English hostess. There are very few of them left now. She will take the liveliest interest in your appetite, and find out all your pet likes and dislikes before you have been in her house twenty-four hours."

"I shall certainly go there to-night, then."

The couple were silent for a little while after that, and then Mr. Carr said suddenly—

"I was never in the country with her. It seems strange we should only have met in London. But I just missed being at the same house in Scotland last year; my invitation came after I had accepted another. I did anathematise my luck, as I wanted so to walk through fields or over the heather by her side. It seemed to me that in such surroundings I must grow to know the truest and deepest side of her nature. But I dare say I should only have felt worse now."

"Yes—most probably," Diana assented. But in her heart she was thankful that there was nothing to remind him of Miss Wallace in Willowmere. Not that it would have mattered of course, but Diana was glad all the same.

The evening turned out beautiful.

"It is lovely to-night," Diana murmured softly. "Do you like our English landscapes?"

"They are very pretty and—and neat," he answered, glancing round at the trim hedgerows and tidy fields. "To me it looks rather like the country under a glass case. But yet it has a beauty of its own—I admit that. And to-night particularly I enjoy it. It soothes me—or else your presence does. I have not slept for the last three nights."

He said this in the tone, half of wonder, half of childish self-pity, that a strong man uses when he discovers for the first time some unsuspected weakness in himself. Diana's heart gave a quick throb. She had no wish or inclination to laugh at love-troubles.

Of course, she had had no personal experience, as she told herself, yet still she could quite believe that they hurt very much.

"You will sleep to-night," she predicted. "When I go home I will think of you, and will you to sleep. Do you believe that there is anything in that? Some people say it is possible. If it is, I ought to be able to accomplish it, for I have always heard all my life that I am the most self-willed person in existence. And I will make up my mind that you shall rest to-night."

"I shall be very glad to do so," he answered, looking down at her bright face with a new admiration; "but self will is not always strong will, you know."

"But it is in this case," Diana asserted.

And Mr. Carr did not doubt her.

CHAPTER VI.

"WILL you come out driving with me this afternoon?" It was Mr. Carr who spoke to Diana, as she sat by the little table in her room, busy sketching, as usual.

"Do come! They have a horse at The Swan that really goes very well indeed. You would enjoy the outing."

"I don't think I can spare the time," she answered, shaking her head. "I have so much to do—I have, indeed"—as he looked doubtful.

"You do not know how many mistakes people can make in following the simplest directions when they have a letter to stumble over, with the opportunity of reading it half a dozen different ways. If I don't take care, the De Stuccos' staircase will be quite the ugliest thing in London. That will be nice for me, won't it?

"'Who decorated your charming hall, dear Mrs. De Stucco?' will be asked. 'A Miss Diana Terry. Have you heard of her?' And of course they will not have heard of me before; but they will go home and tell all their friends to beware of employing me.

"That is how it will be."

"Well, there is always my house—your house, I mean—or shall I call it our house?—to show them," Mr. Carr said, innocently. But something in his words made Diana blush furiously.

"I can't take everybody to see that."

"No—of course not. But if you were living there it could be seen without any trouble. It would be good for you, believe me, as well as relieve me of some anxiety. Diana, why won't you be kind and reasonable about this one thing?"

"Why won't you take 'No' for an answer?"

"Because I think it can get 'Yes' instead, if I try long enough and am very patient; and therefore I mean to try like a second Bruce and be as patient as Job."

"You are too erudite for me altogether to-day," she said, with a little laugh. "Do you intend to drive like Jehu, may I ask?"

"If you will be ready in ten minutes, I will show you."

Diana pushed her papers aside. She was always telling herself when this young man was away that it would not do for her to go out with him so much—that she really must draw the line, and so forth; but somehow when he came he invariably had his own way. Perhaps it was because there was a traitor in the camp who was on his side all the time. Anyway, at the end of the ten minutes Miss Teddy was ready.

"He looks fresh, doesn't he?" she asked, as Mr. Carr drove the horse up to the gate.

"He is as fresh as paint," was the answer. "But he is as nice a horse as one would care to drive. I only wish the trap and the harness were equally good. But possibly they are better than they look. Now, please! I think you can manage it, if you are quick. It is a pity there isn't a boy here to hold his head."

But Diana was in her place at his side in a moment, and they drove off.

"I should like to buy this fellow," remarked Mr. Carr. "I don't know how they came to get him at the inn. It isn't often one can hire as good a nag."

"He is a little too good for me, I think," Diana answered rather nervously. "I have never done much riding or driving, though I have lived in the country all my life. My sister, Mrs. Primmer, considered riding an unladylike pastime, and somehow I never wanted to drive much. I used to be grand at tramping over hill and dale with the boys. I think I enjoyed that as much as I could have done anything. He is not trying to run away, is he?"

"Oh, dear, no!"—and Mr. Carr laughed cheerily. "He is only just warming up to his work."

But, even as he spoke, one of the reins that he had been pulling pretty vigorously, snapped. The next instant the horse had bolted.

"Sit still!" Mr. Carr shouted to Diana, as he leaned forward, trying to catch the broken end of the rein.

"Don't, don't!" Miss Terry cried, catching at his sleeve. "You will be killed. For heaven's sake, don't try it!"

"I must endeavor to stop him," the man answered, as he stretched forward till he was almost lying along the horse's back. And then there was a sudden sickening crash.

Diana never knew until long afterwards exactly what had happened. When she came to her senses, she was lying on the grass by the roadside.

At first she could not think what had happened. Then she saw the broken cart lying near, and remembered everything vaguely.

There must have been an accident. Where was Mr. Carr? She managed to raise herself, though she was feeling faint and dizzy, and look round.

She gave a sudden sharp cry, and all but sank back again, fainting.

But she forced herself to take courage and look again.

Was Mr. Carr dead?

That was the terror at her heart.

There he lay, stretched upon the dusty road, and there was a little dark pool where his head rested.

She managed to drag herself, sobbing pitifully, towards the insensible man, and lifted his injured head upon her lap.

"Edgar, Edgar!" she cried, trying to stanch the blood with her handkerchief, and feeling in vain for a heart-beat through his thick coat.

"Edgar, speak to me! You don't know how frightened I am. Do speak or move! Lift your mind, if you can let me know that you are alive! Oh, if he is dead, what shall I do? Why did I keep him here? Why did I not let him go to America? Then he would have been safe, and this would never have happened. It is all my fault—all mine, all mine! I was a thorough coward I was afraid to face life without him—afraid to face it, or to own to myself that it was so. But this is terrible, not even to know whether he is alive or not. Oh, I can't bear it! Edgar, Edgar, my darling, wake! Speak to me!"

But, as he neither moved nor answered, her voice died away into a wail.

"Oh, I feel so frightened! Do wake! Forgive me for having kept you here! If you will only speak to me and say you pardon me, I will do as you wish. I will take her room for my own—I will indeed! It shall be just as you suggested. Oh, will nobody come to help us? Oh, Heaven, please send some one! He will die here without help, and I cannot leave him. Help, help, help!"

Her voice rose to an agonised shriek, but there came no sound in answer. There was nothing but the whispering of the wind through the trees, and far down the road, in a hollow, a little brook was babbling cheerily, as if there were no such thing as human sorrow or human suffering in the world.

Diana could not tell how long she sat there, with Edgar's head on her lap, in that appalling silence and loneliness. If only that brook had been nearer and she could have got some water to bathe that cruel wound!"

She ceased crying at last, but a great sorrow, which could not find any comfort in words, had fallen upon her. It seemed to her that Mr. Carr must be dead already—that any aid, if it did arrive, would be too late.

With one supreme effort of strength, she gathered him up in her arms as a mother gathers her child to her breast. And there she held him, with her head bent upon his, and her kisses falling with her tears upon his white face.

* * * * * *

A month had passed since that terrible day.

Diana had become convalescent, although she had taken longer to recover from the shock and horror of those hours of waiting than Mr. Carr had done, in spite of the cut on his head, which had rendered him insensible at the time.

It was only Miss Terry's strength of constitution that saved her from brain fever.

She did not escape that without much suffering—days of nervousness and nights of sleeplessness.

She was worn to the shadow of her former self, by the day that she was pronounced convalescent. Edgar Carr was still in England, of course.

He could not very well leave the neighborhood, not to mention the country, while Diana was suffering so severely, and the young fellow blamed himself as being the cause of the accident.

During the month that Diana lay ill, Mr. Carr thought of her a great deal.

That was natural, as he told himself; he would have been a brute if he had not done so.

He would recall Diana as she looked on that evening walk home from Mrs. Primmer's, when the golden sunset turned her red hair into a saintly nimbus.

But the face that he thought of most, and that came to him in his dreams, was pale and tear-stained, with heavy lids falling over despairing eyes, and lips that quivered as they uttered the words:—

"Oh, if he is dead, what shall I do?"

Of course he was in love with Rosamond Wallace still.

He was sure of that.

Why, it was hardly six weeks ago since she rejected him, and he was no fickle light lover to kiss and worship one woman one day and another the next!

No! Rosamond Wallace would always be the one who could have made earth Paradise to him.

But here was this other girl, who was as sweet, and true, and kind, and clever as a girl could be, giving him her own pure love unasked.

And, always excepting Rosamond, of course, where could he find another more loveable or sweeter woman? Nowhere—he was quite sure of that.

Besides, she loved him.

There was a great fascination in that thought to a man who had been scornfully rejected so short a time before.

As the weeks rolled on he began to speculate on the possibility of making her happy.

Could he do that if he married her? He reflected on the matter for some days; he took many long tramps, and smoked a great number of pipes, but at last came to the conclusion that he could.

"I know I could make her a kind thoughtful husband," he argued to himself. "She would not expect devotion; but I should be very fond of her in a different way. It could never be like the feeling that I had for Rosamond. A man does not love like that twice. But I don't think she would be exacting! I believe she would be always ready to see that I was doing my best."

Mr. Carr cheered up greatly after he had settled this point with himself, and called every day at the cottage as before to inquire after Diana. But it seemed to him he came in a totally different character. He intended to marry her—therefore there was a proprietorial air in his questions—and he bade old Anne to take the greatest care of her mistress as if it were a duty that people owed to him now.

Mrs. Primmer and the old servant were sharp enough to notice this change in him, of course, and they were both pleased at it, but for vastly different reasons. Anne longed to see her young mistress happy, and so was imbued with the idea that a suitable marriage was the shortest road to the desired haven of happiness.

Mrs. Primmer had inquired all about the young American. He would have been surprised if he had known that every detail of his weekly expenditure at "The Swan" was known to Diana's sister, who had suddenly become extremely cordial to good old Mrs. Best, the landlady, and was going to purchase a brood of young chickens from her, so that it was natural she should be continually dropping in to see how the downy little things were getting on.

And, of course, when she was there, it was only nice and affable and condescending of her to sit down in Mrs. Best's parlor and have a little talk.

She prided herself upon the art and diplomacy with which she put a leading question here and there; but when she was gone good Mrs. Best would chuckle to herself till the tears ran down her fat comely cheeks, which were still round and red as a winter apple.

"Bless you, my dear!" she apostrophised the departing lady. "You think you are something above being ordinarily clever, don't you, coming here and sitting down and doing a bit of pumping so genteel? But I see what you are after; and, as I am just as set on the young folk getting married as you are, I tell you all you want to know.

"And I couldn't say word against the young gentleman if I was to try. For an open-hearteder, open-handeder gentleman I never see.

"But, if he was as poor as a church-mouth, and them two was set on each other as they are, you'd never hear a word of it from me, my lady, pump as long and as genteel as you liked. So there!"

Mr. Carr was greatly disappointed, on the third day after Diana had come down stairs, to find himself sent away from her door, for he had determined to rid himself at once of what was on his mind.

Old Anne, with her finger to her lip, told him that Miss Diana was asleep and could not be disturbed.

"May I look in later?" he asked.

But the old woman shook her head.

"I doubt she is not fit for company yet. Them as wants to see her must bide their time."

"But surely you don't call me 'company'?" the young man demanded in an injured tone.

"You speak as if I were a stranger, instead of being"—he had to bethink himself a little before he could finish that sentence—"instead of being nothing of the sort," he concluded tamely.

"Well, wait another day or two—or a week even, if you have the time to spare," Anne recommended, with a canny nod of the head, as if she were advising a child to take physic. "Maybe she'll be fit to see you by then, and she'll be all the bonnier."

Mr. Carr found a gleam of comfort in those last words. She did not want to see him, then, till she was "bonnier." She was sure of her own love, but not of his. She was afraid the shock of seeing her pale and wasted might drive him away.

"I will come again in the course of a day or two," he said, turning away. "Please give her these flowers from me."

The little basket he handed in was full of roses sent carefully packed from Covent Garden Market that morning, and many such baskets had found their way to the cottage during Diana's illness. But he meant to give these himself, and he was quite unreasonably vexed at the delay in seeing Diana.

"If she will not see me by the day after to-morrow, I shall write to her," he decided.

On the day but one following that spoken

of, and as old Anne still refused Mr. Carr admittance, he did write. It was a short letter, although it gave him some trouble to compose. In it he did not ask Diana to marry him, as he had always thought a proposal by letter a poor way of doing things. But yet he meant to give her a hint, and a pretty definite one, of what his errand with her was.

"She will be sure to see me then," he said to himself, with simple cunning; "and when once her mind is at rest she will get well in no time. It does not matter a bit to me how soon I am married; I have made up my mind, and that is enough. So, if the doctors think that a change would set her up, I can take her away for a trip myself. We are just going to have what I suppose will be fine weather. At any rate, it will be in other countries, if not in England, and we can go abroad if she likes. My only object in life now will be to make her happy."

So on the following morning the postman delivered a letter that made Diana's heart beat fast as soon as she glanced at the envelope. She waited till Anne had gone out of the room before she opened it. Her cheeks were pale then, but they reddened vividly before she had read many words, and the flush was an angry one. The note ran as follows—

"Dear Diana—Anne won't let me in, so I am writing to ask you if you will not give her different orders for to-morrow afternoon. I will come at any time you like, and wait as long as you please, for I don't believe that you can always sleep. I wish to speak to you. I have something to tell you. Can you guess what it is? It is something that concerns you and me only, and no one else, and I believe my news will please you. Trusting that you will make your over zealous custodian let me in to-morrow when I come, "I remain,

"Yours always,

"E. Y. C."

"I think she will guess at something from that," Mr. Carr had said to himself, with much satisfaction, when his letter was finished; but, if he could have seen how Diana looked when she understood its purport, he would have been greatly surprised.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Fuchsia.

BY E. L. T.

ALL my husband's relatives are people of limited income, and, when my sister-in-law told me that she gained a little by "parting," as she put it, with the old dresses of her six girls, I made up my mind that I would do the same, should I ever have the chance, which I did not think likely in so small a village as ours. One day, however, when I was busy weeding our little garden, a man came along with a basket of lovely greenhouse plants.

"Buy a plant, 'm?" he said.

I shook my head, but could not resist the temptation to look.

"Warranted hardy," he continued, putting down his basket. "Look at this 'ere fuchsia! A perfect picter, ain't it—like wax?"

It was a beauty; but the price was beyond my means.

"I really cannot afford it, my good man," I said. "Don't trouble to take any more out." And I went on with my weeding.

He took up his load reluctantly, and then, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, he said:

"I suppose you haven't such a thing as an old coat you would give me for it?"

"Harry's old overcoat—the very thing," I thought; and I rushed into the house, found the coat—which was shabbier than I had supposed—and showed it to the man, who seemed very poor.

"Thank you kindly, 'm," he said, "it's about my fit."

"Thank you," I replied; "the fuchsia will be of greater value to me than the coat!" And I went into the house, congratulating myself on my bargain.

A few minutes later the boys—we have four—came rushing in from school, and I had just fetched my prize to show them, when Mary, our maid-of-all-work, came to the room door, saying:—

"Please, ma'am, the painter can't find his coat, which he's hungry, and his bread and cheese is in the pocket."

"Now, boys," I said, "what mischief have you been up to?"

They all denied any knowledge of the coat; and, indeed, it was not likely they had anything to do with its disappearance, as the man had not arrived when they left for school.

"Have a good look everywhere, Mary. Where does he say he left it?"

"On the hooks in the lower passage, ma'am."

"Harry," I gasped, "where is your old overcoat?"

"Please, ma'am," interrupted Mary, "Master Harry said as I might have it for my brother, being as he was wanting one badly."

The dreadful conviction forced itself upon my mind that it must have been the painter's coat I had sold!

"Give the man some dinner, Mary," I said; "I will see about his coat myself presently."

I then explained the affair to the boys; but they refused to see anything serious in it, thinking, on the contrary, that it was the best bit of fun they had met with for months.

"You might exchange Mary's best hat for a pelargonium, and her dress for a care palm," suggested Harry.

"We'll stock a greenhouse for nothing!" chimed in Bob.

"Father will be quite proud of a wife with such a genius for doing business!" remarked George.

"At other people's expense," added Charlie.

"Now, boys," I began, when Mary came in to say that the painter wished to have a word with me.

"We'll stay and see fair play, mother," said George.

"Bring him in here," I said to the girl.

The painter was a quiet intelligent-looking young man.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, ma'am," he began, "but I can't find my coat, and there was a very particular note in the pocket."

"A note?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'm—a note as I was to deliver without fail to Mr. Hugh Brown before five this evening."

This was an unexpected dilemma. How could I tell the man that I had taken his coat to buy a fuchsia?

"I'm sorry to say that I've given away your coat in mistake for my son's; but—"

"H'm!" put in Bob, turning up his eyes to the ceiling.

"But," I continued, "I'll see that you lose nothing."

"Well, ma'am, if you'd be good enough to ask the party to let me have the note, I shouldn't mind for the coat—it was old enough—but I promised to take that note myself; and the young lady said it was most important. It was the young lady as has lately come to live with Miss Stockton, at the White House," he explained.

"How did she come to send a note to Mr. Brown by you?" I asked.

"I knowed her well," the man explained. "I was brought up in the village where her father was Rector. I've been painting the greenhouse, and she see'd me there and remembered me; and this morning, as I was collecting my brushes and things previous to coming here, she asked me to take this 'ere note, as they were going away rather sudden."

"Well, don't worry, my good man! Mr. Brown is an old friend of mine, and I'll go up and see him at once, and explain everything."

I was fortunate enough to find Mr. Brown at home.

"I am dreadfully put out, Hugh," I said to him, after the usual greetings, "to think that I have been the means of losing Miss Stockton's note; but it was all through a man who was anxious to sell me a fuchsia."

"A note from Miss Stockton, and a man with a fuchsia! What do you mean?" exclaimed Hugh, with a look of blank astonishment.

"The note Miss Stockton had asked the painter to deliver to you."

"My dear Mrs. Harris, I don't understand what you are talking about!"

I then gave him as clear an explanation as I could of the whole matter, concluding with:—

"I'm sure, Hugh, I am unable to think what business you can have with a young lady living with poor old Miss Stockton! Why' people say she's mad! She cannot bear the sight of a man, and won't even allow the postman to call at the house, but sends her maid to the post-office for her letters!"

"I don't care what people say! Her niece, Miss Amy Stockton, is everything that is charming! Hang it all, now, how am I to endure this suspense?" And he began to pace up and down the room.

"Now, Hugh," I said, "you won't do any good by working yourself into a fever, though indeed I am very sorry; but just tell me what you mean by suspense, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

"I wrote to ask Miss Stockton to be my wife, and the note the man was to have delivered to me was undoubtedly her answer. She is so thoughtful, I know she would want me to know the worst or the best at once."

"Well, my dear, I suppose you can write another proposal, or, better still, see her? I don't think girls care for written proposals. I refused Mr. Harris three times on paper, and then ended by accepting him. But how and where did you become acquainted with the young lady?"

"I met her last winter at Framley, when her father was Rector there. He died before I had time to ask his consent to my suit, and Amy went off to live with her aunt. I couldn't, in decency, bother her then. I have called over and over again at the White House, but have always been refuse admittance; and at last I wrote."

"I suppose you have good reason to hope for a favorable answer?"

"Well, I don't know. We got on very well; but Amy is so pretty and so sweet in every way that she is sure to have other admirers: and I haven't a great fortune to offer her."

"Now, Hugh," I interrupted, "you are fishing for compliments; but I will say that I think the girl who accepts you will be very lucky. It's of no use, however, wasting more time in talking; the question is—What is to be done?"

"Well, I suppose," Hugh replied, "I had better write again."

"She went away from home this morning," I said; "so clearly, the first thing to be done is to find out where she has gone, and the second to try to find her."

Hugh's face brightened.

"Really, Mrs. Harris," he said, "you will have to add the detective business to your pawnbroking!"

"Don't make impertinent remarks, Hugh, or I shall go straight home. Talking of home, though, reminds me that the painter may have heard where Miss Stockton has gone."

The painter was able to give us the required information. The young lady had gone home to Framley, which was only six miles away. We had the dog cart got ready at once, and started together for the village.

On arriving at Framley, we inquired at the post office, and there learned that Miss Amy Stockton was staying with her aunt, Miss Smith, who lived in the first brick house on the left hand side.

"And," added her informant, "right glad we all are to see her again!"

I left Hugh, thinking it better to go quietly on foot to Miss Smith's. I found the house easily. A smiling country girl opened the door.

"Is Miss Amy Stockton at home?" I inquired.

"Yes, 'm—she is. Will you step in?"

I gave the girl my card, and asked her to tell Miss Stockton that I wished to see her on urgent private business. Then I sat down, feeling deeply mortified at the thought of having to tell my tale all over again. I was just considering how to make the best of it, when the door opened, and the prettiest and sweetest girl I had seen for many a day came in. My heart went out to her at once; she was just what I should have wished my dear little Lottie to grow up to be had she lived.

Without waiting for her greeting, I walked up to her, and, taking both her hands in mine, I said—

"My dear, I trust you will not think me an impertinent old woman, but will you tell me what answer you sent to my old friend, Hugh Brown?"

The bright color rose to her face, and her glad proud look gave me the answer for which I had hoped.

"My dear," I added, "will you let me be the first to congratulate you and wish you all happiness? But you will be wondering, I'm sure, why I am here."

I told her everything. She laughed heartily at the idea of her answer to Hugh being in the flower-man's pocket.

"He won't be much wiser if he reads it," she said; "it was only a few words signed 'Amy.' Aunt Sarah became suspicious after hearing of Hugh's repeated calls, and insisted on seeing all my letters. She was cruelly jilted when she was young, and thinks she is doing me the greatest kindness in the world by keeping me from all male society."

"Poor Hugh!" I said. "Couldn't you manage to see him for a minute? He will be tired of waiting."

"Waiting? Hugh here? Where?" she asked.

"I'll go and look for him," I began, when the door was opened and Hugh himself entered.

Amy turned first red, and then pale; but Hugh walked straight up to her, saying—

"The answer was 'Yes'—wasn't it, my darling?"

And then I found the garden so attractive that afterwards I heard only a confused murmur of voices.

I had to interrupt the lovers at last, for I was afraid that Aunt Sarah might appear. Before I left however, I made Amy promise to come and spend some time with us.

Miss Stockton was so enraged at finding all her precautions useless that she refused to have anything more to do with her niece, and Amy made our home hers for the few months that preceded her marriage.

Hugh begged me to give him the fuchsia—"as a memento," he said, "of the happiest day of his life." I gave it to him gladly, as I needed no memento. Whenever the boys wish to be particularly objectionable, they inquire—

"What are your further plans for our welfare?"

Bric-a-Brac.

IN FRANCE.—In the west of France a cord is put around the neck of geese, and to this cord is suspended horizontally in front of the breast a long and heavy stick. Goats in the same region are bridled—if we may call it so—exactly in the same fashion. The object in both cases is to keep the animals from passing through the hedges and eating the grass of neighbors.

INNS.—There are no inns in Mongolia. But monasteries are numerous, and they will always accommodate a stranger. As in France and in other European countries, the inns of China are under police control. Each of them keeps a record of its guests for the convenience of the magistrates of the district. Any suspicious person is subject to inspection, and the passport of a foreigner is promptly asked for.

EGGS IN CHINA.—They do not think anything of an egg in China, it seems, until it is about one hundred years of age, old eggs being worth about as much in that country as old wine is elsewhere. They have a way of buying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

THE "CLASSES" AND THE "MASSES" IN JAPAN.—It is said that the contentment of the poor in Japan is the result of the spirit of politeness which pervades all ranks of the Japanese people. Rich and poor are alike courteous, and it is impossible to distinguish employer from laborer by their behavior. This politeness results from genuine kindness, and it settles all problems between man and man. In Europe and America much of the bad feeling between the "classes" and the "masses" is caused by insolence on the one hand and resentment on the other.

"QUOTES."—Cowper is comparatively little read; one may therefore be forgiven as regards quotations if the source of "Hand and glove" or "Her dear five hundred friends" has slipped our memories. The same may be said of Roger's "To know her was to love her," Congreve's "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," Farquhar's "Over the hills and far away," and Southey's "March of intellect." Sir Philip Sidney, who was poet, philosopher, and, best of all, hero, should share a better fate. How many can tell that it was he who first said in English, "God helps those who help themselves"?

CORNAN HOUSES.—Every Corean house has a cellar, not for the storing of wine, but for the storing of heat. The cellar is called a "khan." Its mouth, through which it is fed, is at some distance from the house. On a cold night may be seen one or more white-clad figures cramming the "khan's" mouth as fast as they can with twigs, branches, and other combustible food. Once well fed, the furnace burns for hours, and keeps the house warm all night. So the attendants on the fire are not kept out in the cold very long; and, while they are there, their hands are full of work. A Corean house, heated at sunset, keeps warm all night, because the fire is invariably huge, because the floors through which the heat permeates are made of oiled paper, and because the furnace itself is largely a mass of pipes and flues that both retain and give out heat.

ENOUGH FOR ALL.

BY M. K.

Love is a noble river,
  Love is an endless stream;
Its bank are gay with flowers of May,
  Its soft waves brightly gleam.

Love comes at the rich man's bidding,
  Love comes at the poor man's call;
Wherever we move there is endless love,
  There is love enough for all.

Though we drink at pleasure's fountain,
  Though in foreign lands we roam,
We are never sad, but ever glad,
  To come back to a loving home.

It is love, sweet love, that mingles
  The honey with the gall,
It is love, dear love, from Heaven above,
  There is love enough for all.

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

HE WAS fighting hard for self-control, but, in spite of himself, a sharp sobbing escaped his lips. This brought Thir's head up from her hands at once. There were no signs of tears about her, but her lips were very tremulous and her eyes were full of pain.

"I wish my tongue had been cut out before I started this talk!" muttered Teddy vehemently. "Five minutes ago you were as gay as a lark, and now you look heartbroken; and it is all my doing!"

"It is nothing of the kind, Teddy," she replied. "There is always this little heartprick going on underneath all my show of fun and nonsense. It is only that now, since you have found it out for yourself, I can dare to let you see how it is with me."

"Then let me help you, Thir—or at least let me try. Tell me what the trouble is, and——"

She put her hand out towards him with a smile which made him forget all his own pain in his pity for hers.

"Teddy," she said softly, "you are the very dearest boy in all the world! If I could tell any living creature what it was that parted Tryan and me, I could tell you. But there it is, you see—I can tell nobody. And so we must just go on and bear it the best way we can. But, Teddy, my heart is just as full of gratitude for your unselfishness as if you had been able to do all you dreamt of doing. You are a hero, Teddy—a noble-hearted hero—and I love you very dearly!"

"Fudge!" exclaimed Teddy, looking very uncomfortable. "Mayn't a man do as he'd be done by without all that fuss? If I really can't help you—and of course you know best—I'll be off. It wouldn't do for your aunt to come and catch us in this agitated state—would it? Good-bye, Thir! Mind—my offer stands! If ever you find I can put a good word in, call on me at once. Don't come out into the cold hall. I'll let myself out. Good-bye! Look your best and brightest by Wednesday, for Tryan will be there."

And he was off, with the door shut behind him, whistling—though not "for want of thought"—cheerily down the garden path.

* * * * * *

Thir kept her word in the matter of the bonnet for her aunt, and, if it did not exactly fulfil her promise of rousing the envy of every woman on the race ground, it at least answered its purpose of setting Miss Caroline's fair amiable face off to the very best advantage.

When it was made and tried on, there was quite a serious argument between aunt and niece on the subject of its youthful character, Miss Carry declaring vehemently that it was years too young, and Thir asserting with equal vigor that it was centuries too old, and that she would not alter the arrangement of a single bow or feather.

"Oh, Thir, my dearest, do listen to reason!" cried Miss Carry, almost in tears between her dread of people's ridicule and her fear of hurting Thir's feelings. "The idea that folk are laughing at me will make me utterly miserable the whole day through. See, dear—I only want the bows a little wider at the sides, and the feathers bent down lower and more forward in the front, so as not to leave so much of my hair showing."

"Of course you only want every bit of style taken out of it!" declared Thir, for once really impatient with the lovable little woman. "I can't think why you take such a delight in making yourself look a frump! Oh, I'll do it certainly! If you are so set on making an old crank of yourself, you must do it!"—and the injured "milliner" went to work with apparent meekness to make the necessary alterations.

But, while her clever fingers were busy among the amethyst-tinted velvet and feathers, there was a mischievous glimmer in her eyes which rather discounted this amiability.

When Wednesday morning came and the start was being made, the meaning of this sly mischief became apparent.

"Just a moment, auntie!" said Thir, stopping Miss Carry on her way through the hall, in full view of the waggonette party at the gate. "It is one of your feathers tucked inside your veil;" and, with a few dexterous nips and twists, she set the whole arrangement back into its original form, quite small and compact, with a good margin of the pretty sunny hair showing beyond the tips of the purple plumes.

Miss Carry went quietly on, in happy ignorance of the metamorphosis. It was amusing—and, if anybody had had the key to the situation, touching—to see Thir's pride in her aunt that day.

"Oh, it is I who am taking auntie along!" she informed Major Darncombe, when he would have thanked Miss Caroline for bringing Miss Bright to their little meeting.

It was an anxious time for him; but during the luncheon-hour he contrived to get up to the stewards' room, where Mrs. Greenbury's party was being entertained by Miller and some of the junior officers, on purpose to be presented to Miss Bright's aunt.

"I've brought auntie out, Major Darncombe; and a lot of trouble I've had over it! When we're at home, we live with a dragon—a very kind and indulgent dragon, but a dragon all the same. And the fun of it is that, until I came and pointed out the signs of dragonship, this dear little auntie of mine had no idea that our dragon was a dragon at all. So I've had to face about and play the part of giant-killer for her, and her appearance here is the result! Don't you think there is a good deal of the fairy-princess about her? Doesn't she even yet look as if she'd been sort of just roused up out of a long sleep, and wasn't quite sure of her ground?"

It was not an inapt description of the sweet gentle face under the pretty purple bonnet, especially with the becoming pink flush in the fair cheeks; and there was no insincerity about the Major's gallant reply to Thir's loving speech.

Mrs. Greenbury, watching the scene from the other side of the table, felt that she need worry herself no further about affairs in that quarter; the Major was evidently quite capable of conducting his own campaign, judging by the way he seemed to be ingratiating himself with Miss Caroline.

"I want you all to have good places," said the Major presently, when the time for the great event was drawing near; "I want you to be near the paddock end of the stand, Miss Bright, so that you can see the horses come down the slope to the last flight of hurdles. And, when you see them coming, keep your eyes open to spot the first horse over, for the chances are twenty to one that he's the winner. Watch then for the white shirt with black spots; and I hope you'll see the horse carrying it draw well clear of the ruck, and give the lot a good lead into the straight for him!"

"I hope so, too," declared Thir, glancing wistfully down the table to where Pope stood, pale and very quiet, but looking wonderfully well in his riding-cap, with his fanciful riding-shirt peeping from between the opening of his long overcoat. She had always liked Pope, but on this day there was an air about him which altered the tone of her liking. She had always thought of him as a boy; but there was very little of the boy in the quiet dignity of his manner now, as he stood listening to a few last words of advice from one or two of the men about him. Was it his disappointment that had changed him so? she wondered.

"I hope with all my heart that Mince-pie will win?" she said, with such fervor in her tone that the Major looked intensely gratified.

"And, do you know, Major Darncombe, if you think it wouldn't be a bit of a plague to him, I should like to shake hands with Mr. Poplett and wish him luck. Do you think I might?"

Even as she put the question, Pope turned to pick up his whip from the table, caught her eye, and returned her salutation.

"Won't you let me wish you luck, Mr. Poplett?" she said, putting out her hand with a sudden impulse, which she well remembered afterwards.

"Thank you very much!" he replied, coming forward to shake hands in his usual pleasant unassuming manner.

Thir was sorrier than ever for him when she viewed him more closely; she knew all about the weary look in his eyes and the painful compression on his lips.

"Mince-pie is bound to win, Miss Bright, if only because it is our last race together. I go out to India next month."

"I'm sorry!" said Thir; and he replied with a murmur "Thank you," and a look which told her that he understood all that her words and tone implied.

Two or three of the men he had been talking to—Teddy Greenbury among them—came up with him and began chatting, asking Joan if she had recovered from the fatigue of the past Thursday, inquiring if Thir had backed Mince-pie to any alarming extent, and so on.

Major Darncombe seemed to be having plenty to say to Miss Caroline, and it was one of the other men who took out his watch presently and asked if it was not time for Pope to be getting down to the saddling paddock.

"By Jove, yes!" exclaimed the Major. "I was forgetting the time. Where's Miller? Has anybody seen him?"

Somebody ventured the opinion that he and Miss Greenbury had been seen on the staircase of the stand ten minutes before.

"Selfish beggar!" muttered the Major, with a sly smile. "Which of you fellows will get those ladies good seats at the paddock end of the stand? I myself can't wait."

"All right, Darncombe—I'll see to it!" cried Captain Thorn, the most trustworthy-looking man in the group, speaking after the first eager chorus of offers was over. "Leave the ladies in charge of Greenbury and me—we'll take care of them. You'd better be getting off, old man! Don't hurry Pope at the last moment, and set him shaking!"

"Don't worry yourself about that," remarked Pope quietly; "there's no sign of shaking about me this morning!"

"No—you look fit enough," said Teddy. "Good luck, old man! A good start and a fair course!"

And a chorus of similar wishes followed Pope as the Major took him by the arm and marched him off down the room.

"Did you know Tryan was here?" Teddy asked Thir quietly, as the whole party moved away towards the stand. "I told him we were all here, and he said he would come up to say 'How'd'-ye-do?' before we started for home. Pope is looking grand, isn't he?" he went on, changing the subject abruptly. "I was rather afraid he might lose heart after his disappointment the other day, but he's in splendid form. He'll get over it easier than I thought he would."

"He is like somebody else I know," she said, with a swift kind glance at his face, which was rather graver than usual; "he doesn't parade his private worries to the affliction of his friends. But I don't think he will get over his trouble as quickly as you think, Teddy; I have an idea that it has gone in very deep."

"Poor old Pope!" said Teddy gently; and Thir knew exactly how much of the quiet sigh which accompanied the words was for Pope and how much for himself.

"Now, Miss Bright," said Captain Thorn, holding out his hand to help her over the wooden benches, "here is a front corner seat for you, with Miss Joan next to you, and Greenbury and myself behind. From here we shall see every step of the last half-mile; and you will be able to make your book two or three times over as they come down the slope to the last jump."

Thir took her seat, got out her race-glasses, and swept as much of the course as she could see—the slightly down-hill approach to the last hurdles and the straight length, past the stand, almost up to the judge's box.

"They look right down impossible!" she remarked, pointing to the double line of palings with their top frill of furze-bushes. "Will the horses ever get over them, do you think?"

"Over or through them," he replied. "They're as cute as Christians, Miss Bright! If they're blown, they will measure the rail itself to a nicety, and go through the trimming."

"Well, they look difficult enough to scare the heart out of any horse!" she said; and then she caught sight of Tryan walking down the cleared course with one of the stewards, and, in her interest, forgot to answer Captain Thorn's next remark; so that gentleman thereupon turned his attention to the conversation of the group of men around him.

All day long Thir had been secretly wondering at the eager interest of the people about her as to which horse would be first over a certain hurdle; it was an interest into which she had found it impossible to enter.

But, when she heard the first distant hoarse murmur of the crowd come rumbling over the hill, and heard the words "They're off!" travel from lip to lip behind her in a kind of hushed whisper, as though they were spoken with suspended breath, she began to understand from personal experience what this strange excitement meant.

Without in the least knowing why, she found her heart beating quickly and her breath coming and going faster; and then, as the tumultuous surge of sound—the roar of a multitude—came rolling on, and she heard the throbbing hoof-beats of the horses, the curious agitation of the moment seized her fully and held her to the end. It seemed to her afterwards that, from the moment when she saw the crowd of horses swing into sight round the curve of the course until the race was over, she had never drawn a breath.

There were seven horses still up and going well as they flashed into view, and, seeing how close they were together, it seemed impossible that they could get down the hill and over the hurdles without a more or less serious collision.

Thir gathered so much from the muttered exclamations of the men behind her, most of whom were brother-officers of Pope; and then she noticed for herself how the horses in the middle of the group seemed to have scarcely room to fling their legs forward without striking those in front of them.

But it was the hugging of the curve which had drawn them up into such a close knot. Now that they were on a straight course, they widened out a little; and then, for the first time, Thir saw the white shirt with the large black spots.

When she first caught sight of it, it was right in the middle of the eager straining crowd, but, as soon as the group of horses widened out a little, she saw it press its way stride by stride past the others, right through to the front, till it was level with the foremost. She could see now how Pope was riding, keeping his horse well together for the leap, easing him daintily along, yet scarcely hurrying him, as some of the others were doing.

And yet the powerful creature bored on through the group, till his heels were level with the heads of the two next behind him; and they were in that position when they took the hurdles, going over them almost as gracefully and lightly as birds; and, when they were running on the level again, Pope was leading by two clear lengths.

"Pope has won, and won well!" muttered somebody behind; but Thir scarcely heeded, for she watching Mince-pie.

The animal had no sooner got clear of the other horses, no sooner found itself with sight of the winning-post, with a perfectly clear road before it, than a sudden mad wilfulness seemed to take possession of it. Without easing its stride—indeed rather increasing its speed than otherwise—it began to shake and worry its bit.

As he swept by the stand Thir saw Pope shorten the bridle, and she almost thought she saw his lips tighten, as if he had felt some sudden change in the movement of the horse under him and he knew what it meant. The next instant he was out of sight; and she knew by the shouts of the people that Mince-pie had won easily. And then, while the cries of exultation—for Mince-pie was the popular favorite—were still ringing in the air, there came a sudden dreadful change in the tone of the crowd. Dismay, fear, horror, terror! What was it?

Thir heard Joan ask what had happened, and, after a pause, the answer came—

"The winner has bolted! No—Pope has still got him in hand; he's got him round! The brute's in the fiend's own temper! Here they come!"

And Thir, leaning as far forward as she could, saw a scene which she never forgot. The horse came bounding into sight, plunging madly and ramping at his bit. She saw Pope white with exertion, his hands on the bridle with a grip like steel, and sticking to his saddle as if it were part of him; she saw the huge animal go up on his hind legs—up and up—ah, Heaven!—until he lost his balance, and went crashing back helplessly.

For one brief moment Pope seemed safe—he had slipped sideways from the

saddle as the horse fell; the next, the great creature rolled, and one of its plunging struggling hoofs struck the prostrate rider.

With a howl of rage, the crowd rushed upon the course. The horse was soon up and held by half a dozen hands, trembling and cowed now that the mischief was done; and a hushed group gathered around Pops.

"Give me a hand up," he said; "that brute has—kicked the—the breath out of me! And now—keep—away—all of you—till I'm weighed—out!"

From the stand above they saw him take his horse's head and, leaning all his weight on the bit, fight his way step by step, with a hand held close to his side, across the course and out of sight.

"Thank Heaven, there are no bones broken!" said Captain Thorn, in a tone of heart-felt relief; but Jean turned round sobbing and crying.

"It's something worse than broken bones," she cried—"something a great deal worse, I'm afraid!"

Teddy had fought his way out of the stand with all the other men two minutes before. Captain Thorn, having undertaken the charge of the ladies, had to wait as patiently as he could.

Muriel and Captain Miller came up presently, and then Thorn hurried away, with a muttered direction to the other man not to leave the ladies, and a promise to bring or send news the moment he could.

"Oh, yes, he's badly hurt," said Captain Miller, in answer to a question of Mrs. Greenbury's—"there is unhappily no doubt about that! Wouldn't you ladies like to get down to the stewards' room? You won't care for any more racing, I'm afraid, and it will be warmer to wait there."

So they made their way quietly back to the room where they had lunched, followed by the curious gaze of the people on the stand, who seemed to know—perhaps from seeing them with the officers of the —th—that they were friends of the injured man.

"To think of the pluck of poor old Pops!" muttered Captain Miller regretfully, as they all stood about in the now deserted room. "To think of his struggling across to be weighed out after such a kick as that!"

"Is his mother here?" inquired Mrs. Greenbury.

"No; and it is the first time she has ever stayed away when Pops was riding. She did it to oblige Mr. Valland. Racing is the one thing she has given up out of compliment to the cloth."

There was another long silence. Nobody felt inclined to talk, and Miller was obviously struggling with his desire to know what was going on. At last Mrs. Greenbury took pity on him.

"Perhaps you had better find the others and let them know where we are," she said; "and tell Major Darncombe that in the circumstances we won't stay for dinner at the hotel."

"We will talk about that later on," he replied, moving towards the door at once, evidently glad to go. "Mind, you're not to stir from here till we come back for you! If you want anything, the bell will bring one of the waiters."

There followed a long dreary time of suspense. Two or three ladies, relatives of the officers, came in, but they knew nothing about the recent mishap; and the time crept on wearily until the dusk began to gather, and even Mrs. Greenbury felt inclined to believe that they had been forgotten.

But the gentlemen came at last—Darncombe and Miller, and Thorn and Teddy, and Tryan and one or two others, all looking very grave. No words were necessary; the story of the last hour was written legibly on their faces.

Major Darncombe made his way to the corner where Thir and her Aunt Carry were sitting hand in hand.

"You must please excuse me," he said, brushing away the tears from his cheeks; "this business has done for me altogether! To think he should have been riding for me! Good heavens, what shall I say to his mother?"

"Does she know?" asked Miss Carry, who could scarcely refrain from crying outright.

"The Colonel and his wife have gone to tell her. Such a soldier he showed himself to be to the last, Miss Gunter! It was a lawyer he wanted, not a doctor, he said; he knew a doctor could do nothing. So we got him both; but the doctor shook his head at once. Internal hæmorrhage—not an hour to live. Then the lawyer had his turn, and drew up a will on two or three leaves of his note-book. Twenty-five thousand pounds to that young woman who threw him over the other day—everything else to his mother; and Cambray and I are the trustees for Miss Valland's money. Everything done as straight and orderly as if it was just a question of regimental discipline. A fine fellow, Miss Gunter—through from top to toe! What a man he would have made!"—and the Major brushed the tears away from his cheeks again, and, seeing Miss Gunter openly sobbing, he wrung her hands heartily, and thanked her, as if he took her unconcealed grief as a personal favor to himself.

"It was strange," said Teddy, as they drove home through the winter dusk, "how determined poor old Pops was to have Tryan for one of Dora's trustees. Tryan tried all he could to get out of it, on the excuse of going away; but Pops made him promise that he would put off his going abroad until this money business was all thoroughly arranged."

"Very curious indeed," observed Mrs. Greenbury—"unless indeed he knew of the old feeling between those two, and had it in his mind to do what he could to bring them together. He was such an unselfish boy—it would be just like him!"

Teddy did his best to drown his mother's observations; but Thir heard and wondered. Was this to be the end of it all? She fully recognized Dora's inflexibility of purpose, and, now that it was to be backed up by this unexpected legacy, what might it not accomplish?

CHAPTER XX.

MAJOR DARNCOMBE and Tryan Cambray drove over to see Miss Valland the next afternoon. Darncombe had already had an interview with Mrs. Poplett, who, half prostrate with grief as she was, had declared that she would not offer the slightest opposition to the carrying out of her son's dying wishes.

All through the preceding night Dora had been sitting by the death-bed of one of her Sunday school children. The little one had begged so earnestly to have her "dear Miss Valland" by her, and had seemed to find such comfort in her presence that Dora, always unselfish in such matters, had remained on until with the cold dawn of the winter morning the end came. It was not until she reached home that she heard of Sidney Poplett's death and found that her father had gone over to Beverly, to share, if he might not lessen, Mrs. Poplett's grief.

The news did not shock Dora so much as it would have done a few months before, but it shook her nerves so violently as not to allow her to sleep; and, though Ursula has persuaded her to go to bed, she found the inaction intolerable, and spent the morning pacing her room, fearful lest Ursula should find out that she was awake and irritate her with her fussy attentions.

About mid-day it began to snow, and, after a pretence of eating at luncheon, she sat crouched up in front of the drawing room fire, staring at the falling flakes, watching the gradual metamorphosis of the church roof from slate color to dazzling white, thinking of poor Sidney Poplett's tragic death and of the last look in her little scholar's eyes until she could bear the silent solitude of the house no longer. She must find occupation of some sort; she would lose her self-control if she did not get away from her own morbid thoughts.

It was when she had arrived at this state of tension that she heard the wheels of Major Darncombe's trap stop at the gate. Bad as solitude was, the effort to entertain morning callers would be a thousand times worse, and she went quickly out into the hall to tell Ursula to say she was not at home; but, as she glanced towards the figured glass of the front door, she saw Tryan Cambray just coming in at the gate.

She stopped, startled, with a feeling at her heart which was almost fear. She had not spoken to Tryan Cambray since that night in October when she had shown him for the first time the darker side of her nature, when in one mad hour she had swept away the illusions of years, and had shown herself to him as she was—a paltry-minded, jealous, vindictive woman, instead of the pure great-souled creature he had always believed her to be.

At first she thought only of flying from him and hiding herself; then she wondered what could have brought him to the house, and turned back to the drawing room, deciding to let things take their course.

She rather expected to hear him inquire for her father, and turn away after leaving some message; but it was her own name she heard mentioned, and she walked back rather unsteadily to her place by the fire. The very sound of his voice had quickened her pulses. How would he greet her? Would he shake hands? Should she receive him as if nothing had happened to interrupt their old friendship, or should she leave him to mould the greeting according to his own feelings?

Presently she heard a strange voice in the hall, and, while still wondering at the motive of the visit, she reminded herself of the need of self-possession.

"Best leave our coats here, Cambray," said the stranger; "we won't want to turn Miss Valland's sitting room into a lake."

Though she had not recognized the voice, she knew the Major at once when he followed Tryan into the room—knew him as the man she had seen at Mrs Greenbury's a week before—the man who had so openly devoted himself to Thirza Bright.

The need of keeping up appearances before a stranger steadied her, and she touched Tryan's fingers and went through the introduction to the Major with an air of complete self-possession.

The change in Tryan's appearance startled her more than the meeting itself. How ill and old he looked! It was a relief to her not to have to carry on a conversation with him, for, the presentation once made, he effaced himself as much as possible, and left the adjustment of matters in Darncombe's hands.

The information the Major had to impart Miss Valland received in silent astonishment, looking from one to the other of her visitors, and passing her hand absently across her brow, as if she found the news they brought very hard to realise.

"You see," continued Darncombe quietly, anxious to give her time to collect herself, "the poor lad was haunted by the idea that the marriage between your father and his mother would make things uncomfortable for you at home here, and I think he wanted to make you independent of everybody. There was something else, too, which he hinted at," the Major went on, with a slight change of tone, as if he were not quite so sure of his ground—"something I should like to tell you, because it might reconcile you to accepting this money; and yet—— Well, it is a delicate subject certainly, but Cambray is an old friend of yours, I believe, and you must excuse me for touching upon it, because I do so only for your own happiness. Poor Pops hinted at some trouble of yours which money might help to smooth away—a trouble which had been brought about by want of money—and I think he hoped this legacy of his might—might—in short, he hoped that your whole life might be the brighter for it!"

As she listened, some consciousness of his meaning seemed to dawn upon her; she lowered her eyes and watched her own fingers plaiting and unplaiting the edge of the handkerchief on her knee.

Tryan had gone to the window, and stood staring at the falling snow, with his hands clasped loosely behind him. But even at that distance his presence had a disquieting effect upon her; she found it difficult to consider this question without thinking more of the effect her decision might have upon him than of its ultimate effect upon her own future life.

"It was very generous and beautiful of him to think of me like that," she said, speaking as if she found it difficult to choose just the right words, faltering now and then, but always going on again with increased resolution, as if she were mentally scourging herself for her weakness—"very, very generous! It makes me feel so small and humble only to think of it! Perhaps you don't know Major Darncombe, that Mr. Poplett proposed to me less than a week ago? You did know? Well, I refused him because—because I had been unfortunate enough to form another attachment years ago, when I was barely more than a child; and—I am not like some women—it would have been so much better for me—ah, how much better!—if I had been able to throw aside this other ridiculous romance, and content myself with the worldly advantages this poor boy had to offer me; but—— Well, you will understand, I would not do him the injustice of taking all and giving nothing in return. I had no affection left to bestow upon him, and so I refused him; and now he has left me all this money, and, having refused him, I feel I ought to refuse his money too."

"Not simply because you refuse him?" questioned Darncombe, guessing that there was something behind all this of which he was ignorant. "If that is your only reason, it is none at all. It is not as if he left it to you under the mistaken impression that you returned his affection. What he did he did knowingly, with his eyes open; and I think you need have no scruples about accepting the legacy. Cambray, won't you give Miss Valland your opinion on this matter?"

"I think not," said Tryan quietly, turning for a moment, but attempting to leave his place by the window. "Miss Valland's reasoning powers are far clearer and stronger than mine, Darncombe; the decision had better be left to herself."

"Oh, well," replied Darncombe, feeling suddenly as if he had been a great deal too officious with his good-natured advice, "if that's the case, I haven't another word to say! Cambray is joint trustee with me for this money, Miss Valland, and any wishes you may have concerning its disposal you had better communicate to him."

"You, Tryan," she exclaimed, in an outburst of astonishment—"you undertook this service for me? How good of you—how——"

"Oh, nonsense!" he interposed lightly. "To tell you the truth, I have no claim upon your gratitude. Poor Poplett made such a point of it that it was impossible for me to refuse. I tell you candidly I would have got out of it if I could; I hate the job! I have not managed my own affairs so well that I should hanker after interfering with other people's."

She flinched at the indifference of his tone and manner; and he saw it—saw, too, as she faced towards the window, her haggard drawn face, and asked himself, with some signs of remorse, if he had been the cause of this terrible change.

Darncombe felt like a man walking across a bog; he could not help seeing their discomfort in each other's company, and was afraid to speak lest he might increase it.

Altogether, it was a very trying interview, and the Major hurried through it as quickly as possible, drawing a deep breath of relief when he had taken a bustling leave of the pale crushed-looking woman and was safe out of her presence.

"Which is Miss Gunter's place?" he inquired when they were outside. "Miss Bright left her field-glasses behind her yesterday, and I'm going to return them and ask for a cup of tea."

"Drive me on to the station first, then," returned Tryan; "I shall just catch the 4.20 back to Hull. I'll show you the house as we pass."

"What's the hurry to get back?"

"Business!" replied Tryan curtly.

Darncombe felt snubbed; but he began again presently.

"Weren't you a bit rough on Miss Valland just now, old man? I don't for a moment suppose you meant it, but it sounded as if you'd have done anything rather than take up this trusteeship to oblige her."

"Yes—I acted like a brute!" admitted Tryan, in a tone of impatience and self-contempt. "Living alone in tenth-rate lodgings doesn't improve one's temper or one's manners!"

"Bad cooking?" inquired the Major sympathetically.

"We'll put it down to the cooking, at all events!" replied Tryan, with a bitter laugh.

"You'd hardly have thought," resumed Darncombe, who was apparently in a talkative mood, "she was that sort of woman, would you—a woman to throw up a good worldly chance for the sake of some foolish little-boy-and-girl love-making in the past? One can never tell what those quiet-mannered people are really like. Miss Valland is evidently a woman of uncommonly warm deep feelings"—Tryan shifted his seat uncomfortably—"and yet, when I saw her for the first time the other day, I said to little Miss Bright, 'That woman has about as much heart as a marble statue!'"

Tryan lowered his chin half an inch farther down into his coat collar and said nothing.

"Now that's the type of girl I like," continued the irrepressible Major—Miss Bright! Bonny and cheerful, sympathetic and outspoken—that's the sort of girl to make a man happy, Cambray! None of your frozen fires there, my boy—no wall of ice between you and the warmth of her heart! What's the good of a woman having feelings at all if she shuts them up behind an Arctic barrier, as that white-faced young woman yonder does? Give me honest sunshine—or firelight, for that matter—that you can get at and warm yourself by. That's my sort!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. The utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

BY J. C.

Oh, for the days, the joyous days,
The days when I was young,
When in mine ear Health's blessed voice
A heavenly anthem sung;
When nought of sorrow, nought of strife
Had marr'd the pageant gay,
That swept the golden plains of life
With banners bright as day!

Soft are the shadows in the wood,
Sweet are its blossoms fair;
I love the fields, the dew that yields
Its freshness to the air.
But 'mid them all there is a voice,
That I alone can hear;
In sorrow's tones it sighs, it moans,
Of blossoms dead and gone.

The Irish Rajah.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

DURING the latter half of the eighteenth century, India was the happy hunting ground of the European adventurer. It was easy for any daring soldier of fortune, however humble his origin, however slight his smattering of military knowledge, providing he were acquainted with the rudiments of European discipline and drill, to ingratiate himself with one or the other of the numerous independent native sovereigns, and if he played his cards well, he might attain almost unlimited influence and wealth.

The careers of some of these adventurers were singularly romantic, and none more so than that of the remarkable man who is the hero of our present story—George Thomas, sometime of the county Tipperary, and later, Rajah of Hariana.

It was in the year 1781 that George Thomas, then quartermaster on board an English man-of-war, landed in Madras. The son of a small farmer, he had risen from a common sailor to his present position; but rapid as his rise in the service had been—for he was only five-and-twenty—it had by no means kept pace with his ambition.

His adventurous, daring spirit had been fired by the accounts he had heard and read of the immense wealth of the Indian princes, and the boundless opportunity for advancement which their rivalries and contentions offered to any man of mettle who had the courage and the brain to carve a way to glory with his sword.

Long before the ship dropped anchor off Madras, George Thomas had resolved to take the earliest opportunity of deserting, and following the career to which his ambition beckoned him. Two days after his arrival there, the bold Irishman disappeared, and his shipmates never saw him again.

For five years George Thomas served his apprenticeship as a soldier of fortune among the petty Hindu chiefs of the Carnatic and the Deccan. Having gained some money and a good deal of experience of native manners, customs, and character, the ambitious Irishman determined to plunge into the heart of India and seek a wider field for the exercise of his talents.

He made straight for Delhi, the capital of the Great Moguls, and the centre of Mohammedan influence and intrigue in India. There he fell in with the extraordinary woman who was so strangely mixed up with his future career—the Begum Somru.

The Begum was at that time an independent sovereign under the protection of the Court of Delhi. Her history was remarkable and romantic. She was a native of Cashmere, and had come to Delhi as a dancing-girl. Among the many admirers of her beauty was a European adventurer, known as Somru Sahib, who was then high in favor with the Great Mogul.

His real name was Walter Reinhard, and he was a native of the Electorate of Treves; but his French comrades had nicknamed him "Sombre," in allusion to his dark complexion and still darker character, and this had been corrupted into Somru in the vernacular.

Reinhard was but a ship's carpenter on a French man-of-war when he first came to India; but by his great natural gifts as soldier and organiser, he had risen to be commander-in-chief of the armies of Meer Cossim, the Nawab of Bengal. When Meer Cossim was deposed by the English, Somru, who had stained his fame as a gallant soldier by the brutal massacre of one hundred and fifty English prisoners at Patna, was compelled to flee for his life, and was hunted from court to court, till he found refuge in Delhi, where his services were gladly accepted.

He was granted the province of Sardhana, with the title of Rajah, and an annual revenue of six lakhs of rupees ($350,000) for the maintenance of himself and the fine corps of Sepoy which he had raised and disciplined, and which owned no leader but himself.

Fascinated by the beautiful Cashmerian dancing-girl, Somru married her, and she took the title of Begum. She was a woman as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and soon gained complete ascendancy over her husband. For the fierce and reckless mercenary, destitute alike of faith and honor, had one soft spot in his hard nature, and the Begum found it.

On his death, in 1778, he bequeathed her all his property and the command of his corps of Sepoys. She proved herself as capable a leader as her husband had been. More than once, mounted on her Persian thoroughbred, she led her men into action under a heavy fire; and their devotion to her was enthusiastic. But outside the ranks of her faithful Sepoys she was more feared than loved. The people of the Deccan believed her to be a witch.

In person she was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiselled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless wonders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste, and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming, and her conversation spirited, sensible, and engaging.

But, as a set-off to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestable. She was cruel, vindictive, and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased or disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watch the mutilation with gusto, whilst she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing-girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favorite officer, she, in a fit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the nautch-dances were held; and in that vault the Begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done, she commanded the rest of the nautch girls to come out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed.

According to one account (denied by some of those who have investigated the story), the Begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.

The Begum Somru was a little over thirty when George Thomas arrived at her court. The gallant Irishman flattered her vanity by his undisguised admiration of her charms, but in reality, she was more struck with him than he with her. His tall, commanding figure, his erect and martial carriage, his bold, handsome features, his plausible Irish tongue, and his fascinating Irish manners took the fancy of the Begum. She gave him a most gracious reception, and offered him a high post in her service. Thomas accepted the offer, and soon proved himself so capable an officer that the Begum made him commander-in-chief of her forces.

It was not long before the Irish adventurer had an opportunity of displaying his generalship. There was a revolution in Delhi. Shah Alum, the ruling prince, was driven from his throne and capital by an upstart named Ghoriama Kadir, who had the impudence to ask the Begum to be his wife and share with him the crown of the Great Moguls. The offer was scornfully rejected, and the Begum at once set off to the assistance of her old friend and ally, with a force of five battalions of Sepoys, two hundred Europeans, mostly Frenchmen, and forty guns; the whole under the command of George Thomas.

Shah Alum was making his last stand against the usurper, and the fortunes of war were going heavily against him, when the Begum Somru in her palanquin at the head of her army arrived upon the field of battle. By his brilliant generalship and the steady valor of his splendidly trained Sepoys, George Thomas turned defeat into victory. The rebels were routed, the usurper was slain, and Shah Alum was securely re-established on his throne.

In gratitude for the timely aid of the Begum Somru, Shah Alum, presented her with a magnificent necklace of diamonds, took her by the hand, and before the assembled notables, addressed her as his beloved daughter. Nor was the valor of her general overlooked. George Thomas received a large present in money, a jewelled sword, and the warmest expressions of admiration and gratitude for his services.

The star of the lucky Irishman was now in the ascendant. He became the Begum's principal adviser, her Grand Vizier, in fact. He married a beautiful slave-girl whom she had adopted as her daughter, and was regarded as her certain successor in the sovereignty of Sardhana.

Then the Begum began to repent of having allowed the handsome Irishman to marry any one but herself. Mad with jealousy, she tried to induce Thomas to get rid of his wife; but he was fond of his beautiful slave-girl, and had no mind to exchange her for the Begum, whose beauty was on the wane, and whose temper was that of a tigress.

At this juncture another remarkable person appeared upon the scene, who was destined to play an important part in the Sardhana drama. The new arrival was a Neapolitan named Levasseo, or Le Vassoult, a handsome, clever adventurer, who rapidly gained an extraordinary influence over the fickle Begum.

He was undoubtedly a man of ability, but stern, haughty, and domineering. His arrogance disgusted all the officers in the Begum's service; and when she carried her infatuation for the stranger so far as to marry him, most of them prepared to leave her court. Among these was George Thomas.

It was impossible that one small state should hold two such men as the Irishman and the Neapolitan. They were the deadliest rivals. George Thomas felt that his influence in Sardhana was gone. He knew that the Begum and Le Vassoult were plotting his assassination. It was time for him to go; so he went, taking with him his own special regiment of two hundred and fifty picked cavalrymen. A neighboring Mahratta prince granted him a tract of territory for himself and his men, on condition of having their services if required.

But Thomas knew very well that, if he wished to keep his troopers together, he must give them plunder, and as his late mistress, the Begum, owed him large arrears of pay, he levied contributions on some of her outlying dominions.

Le Vassoult, glad of an excuse to crush his hated rival, took prompt measures to avenge this outrage, and marched against Thomas at the head of the Begum's army. But before the rivals met, dissension and mutiny had done their work amongst the Begum's troops.

The jealous and imperious Neapolitan had quarreled with the only competent commander left in the Begum's service after Thomas' departure. This man, a native of Liege, was an excellent soldier and popular with the troops, but he was a personal friend of Thomas', and that rendered him obnoxious to Le Vassoult, who insulted and degraded him. The Liegeois, in revenge, fostered the spirit of mutiny already smouldering among the men, and, at a preconcerted signal, the bulk of the Begum's army, instead of marching against their old leader Thomas, revolted, elected the Liegeois their commander, and announced their intention of deposing the Begum and placing a son of Somru by a previous wife upon the throne.

The Begum was captured when attempting to escape from her palace. Her palanquin was surrounded by rebel soldiers before Le Vassoult, who was on horseback at the head of a few followers, could reach her. He gathered his handful of cavalry together for a charge. Some shots were exchanged, and there would soon have been a bloody melee had not the Begum suddenly diverted attention to herself.

Rising in her palanquin, she drew a poniard, plunged it into her breast, and with a shriek, fell back bleeding. Her horrified attendants screamed:

"Help! help! she has stabbed herself."

There was a general rush to the palanquin.

Le Vassoult, who, whatever his faults may have been, was passionately fond of his wife, reined in his horse and asked what had happened. He was told that the Begum had stabbed herself, but he did not seem to comprehend the reply. He repeated the question: the answer was the same.

"Stabbed herself!" he muttered; then, without another word, drew a pistol from his holster, placed it to his forehead, fired, and fell dead from his saddle.

The most picturesque version of this somewhat apocryphal story affirms that before the Begum and Le Vassoult left Sardhana they had made a compact that if either was slain, the other would not survive. And the enemies of the Begum declared that she, knowing that her husband's romantic disposition and devoted attachment to her would keep him true to his vow, deliberately pretended to commit suicide in order to free herself from the man whom she saw to be the obstacle in the way of regaining the good-will of her subjects. She merely drew the point of the poniard sharply across her neck so as to bring blood, and her clever acting did the rest!

A prisoner in the hands of her mutinous soldiery, with no one to whom she could turn for help or advice, the Begum in her despair bethought herself of the gallant Irishman who had served her so well and whom she had treated so badly. She contrived to send George Thomas a message, abjectly imploring his forgiveness and entreating him to come to her assistance, as she was in hourly dread of being poisoned or stabbed. She would gladly pay any price he might choose to ask for his services.

When was an Irish gentleman ever known to refuse the request of a lady in distress? George Thomas chivalrously forgot and forgave all the treachery of his late mistress and hurried to her assistance. His rapid advance terrified the mutineers, who knew well of what stuff their old leader was made. They promptly deserted the usurper they had set up, and rallied again round their lawful sovereign.

The Begum Somru was reinstated before her gallant and generous deliverer came in sight of Sardhana. On his arrival she received him in state and overwhelmed him with gratitude. All her arts and fascinations were brought into play to induce the brave Irishman to become once more her Grand Vizier.

But George Thomas was proof against all her blandishments. He had had experience of her treacherous nature, and had no mind to trust himself again within the reach of this beautiful, velvet-eyed tigress. She professed to be deeply affected at his departure, but she hated him more fiercely than ever because he had rejected her overtures, and she showed him before long that

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

By this time our Irish adventurer was tired of serving for pay and being liable at any moment to dismissal at the caprice of an irresponsible ruler. His military fame was great, he had a band of devoted followers whom he had trained into splendid soldiers, the great Mahratta chiefs were eager to purchase his alliance—why should he not set up as a Rajah himself?

The idea pleased him, and he proceeded to carry it into execution. He had little difficulty in fixing upon a territory to govern.

There was one ready to his hand—a sort of No Man's-Land, which had been seized by one adventurer after another, but never held for any length of time, and for some years had been absolutely without a ruler.

The province on which George Thomas had set his eye was known as Hariana or the Green Country, and was nominally a portion of the dominions of the Great Mogul, who still kept up a shadowy state at Delhi. It extended one hundred and twenty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. Thither George Thomas marched his compact little army, took formal possession of the country, assumed the title of Rajah, and selected the town of Hansi, ninety miles west of Delhi, as his capital.

The new Rajah of Hariana soon showed that he was of a different type from his former rulers, who had been freebooters pure and simple. He commenced by pulling down and entirely rebuilding the city of Hansi—making it not only a strong fortress, but also a commodious town.

He granted liberal concessions to merchants and traders as an inducement to settle there; he established a mint and coined his own money; he procured skilled workmen and artificers from Delhi and elsewhere, and set them to construct an arsenal, where he cast cannon and manufactured muskets, gunpowder, and all munitions of war. For he meant to be the Rajah of a strong, independent, flourishing, civilized state.

But this was only a part, and a small part, of his ambition. After he had got his foot firmly planted in his new dominions, he intended to make Hariana a starting-point from which to conquer the whole of the Punjab, not for himself, but for Great Britain. He desired, to use his own words, "to have the honor of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock."

Like a true Irishman, George Thomas revelled in hard fighting, and he soon had plenty of it on his hands. His warlike neighbors the Sikhs resented the new Rajah's marauding forays into their country and made reprisals.

But they soon found that they had caught a Tartar in the fighting Irishman. Nothing could afford better proof of Thomas' high qualities as a soldier than his victorious campaigns against the Sikhs, that splendid race of warriors, who, forty years later, proved themselves the most formidable foes that England has ever had to fight in India.

Yet the Irish Rajah of Hariana, with his little army of five thousand men and thirty-six guns, defeated the Sikhs over and over again, forced them to pay him an indemnity of two million rupees, and could proudly boast that he was "Dictator in all the countries belonging to the Sikhs south of the river Sutlej.

We have little doubt that the Irish Rajah would not only subdued the Sikhs, but have carried out his great scheme for the conquest of the Punjab, had not his attention been distracted from it by the dangers which threatened his own sovereignty.

The brilliant success of the Rajah of Hariana against the Sikhs had roused the jealousy of a rival adventurer, a French soldier named Perron, who commanded the armies of Sindhia, the great chief of the Mahrattas.

Perron hinted to his master that this Irish upstart was becoming far too powerful and ambitious, and that, if not taken in hand at once, he might some day prove a thorn in the side of Sindhia. The treacherous Begum Somru, too, who was burning for revenge on the man who had slighted her charms, though he had saved her life and restored her to her throne, contrived to instil into the mind of the Mahratta prince suspicions which served to confirm the hints thrown out by Perron. The consequence was that, when the Sikhs prayed Sindhia to assist them against their dreaded foe, the Rajah of Hariana, Sindhia seized the excuse to crush the aspiring foreigner.

But first he tried diplomacy. If Thomas would surrender his sovereignty, and submit to be the vassal of Sindhia, he should be allowed an annual subsidy for the support of himself and his troops.

In the month of September 1801, Perron and Thomas met at Bahadurgarh to discuss these proposals. The Frenchman's tone offended the Irishman's pride, and he haughtily rejected the conditions offered, though he well knew that his refusal meant war to the knife with Sindhia.

On hearing of Thomas' contemptuous rejection of his terms, the Mahratta prince ordered Perron to despatch a force to annihilate the troublesome Rajah of Hariana.

The invading army was under the command of a Frenchman, Major Louis Bourguien, a braggart and poltroon, despised by his officers and men. Thomas turned to bay under the walls of his fortress of Georgegarh. He was not greatly outnumbered as yet, for he had six thousand men with thirty-five guns against eight thousand men with thirty-eight guns.

After a fierce and obstinate battle, in which Bourguien lost nearly half his force, Thomas remained master of the field. But his loss, too, was severe, upwards of one thousand eight hundred, including his second in command, Captain Hopkins, a brilliant English soldier, whose death was an irreparable loss.

Had Thomas taken advantage of his victory and pressed Bourguein hard, there can be no doubt that Sindhia's army must have been annihilated, for it was utterly demoralized by the reverse it had sustained, and the foolish Frenchman was quite incapable of restoring order or confidence.

But the Irish Rajah seemed suddenly to have lost his head. All his old promptitude of action and fertility of resource appeared to have left him. Not only did he neglect to follow up his victory, but he made no attempt to secure his retreat to Hansi. For fifteen precious days he remained absolutely idle.

It is said that the death of his wife, to whom he was strongly attached, had strangely affected him, and that he drank heavily to drown his sorrow. Whatever the cause, his inaction was fatal to him. Within three weeks of the battle of Georgegarh, Sindhia had thrown an army of thirty thousand men and one hundred and ten guns into Hariana, and Thomas was hemmed in at Georgegarh by a ring of foes, among the fiercest and foremost of whom were the forces of the Begum Somru.

As the toils closed more and more tightly around him, Thomas recovered his old dauntless spirit. He defended himself with desperate courage against those overwhelming odds, till he saw that the game was up.

Then in the pitch darkness of a November night, at the head of three hundred horsemen, he dashed out from Georgegah, cut his way through the battalions of the enemy, and, after riding one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, arrived safely at Hansi.

The garrison of Georgegarh surrounded; but so devoted were they to their Irish chief, that they refused with contempt to serve under Sindhia or any one else. Several of the native officers rent their clothes, and swore that they would rather live as beggars than serve again as soldiers under any chief but their own Rajah.

Bourguien lost no time in advancing upon Hansi. Though his own ignorance and cowardice utterly unfitted him to command an army, he had excellent subordinates on whom he could rely.

Among those were half-a-dozen English officers, one of whom, Lieutenant James Skinner, was afterwards celebrated as the founder of "Skinner's Horse," the famous "Yellow Boys."

Hansi was closely invested, but with such skill and courage did Thomas defend his last stronghold that the besiegers made very little progress. The city indeed was stormed and taken after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in which the assailants lost nearly two thousand men; but the citadel, which commanded the town, was still held by Thomas, and held so stoutly, that the Frenchman, despairing of ever taking the place by fair means, had recourse to foul.

Flights of arrows were shot over the walls of the fort, with letters attached to them promising the garrison six months' pay and permanent service in the army of Sindhia, if they would deliver up their Rajah and the fortress.

The English officers were indignant with Bourguein for resorting to treachery, and constantly urged him to offer the Irish commander honorable terms. At last, one day, after tiffin, when wine had put Bourguien in a good temper, he said, in reply to their reiterated protests:

"Well, gentlemen, do as you like. He be one damned Englishman, your own countryman. You know him better than I do."

So Captain Smith, the senior English officer, was sent to offer such terms of capitulation as no man of honor and spirit need be ashamed to accept. The Irishman was at his last gasp. Famine and treachery were slowly but surely undermining the fidelity of his troops.

He knew his case to be desperate, and he therefore consented to surrender Hansi and evacuate Hariana on these conditions: that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honors of war; that he himself should go free, with all his private property, and be escorted by a battalion of Sepoys until he was safely within the territories of the English East India Company.

The conditions were granted, the treaty of surrender was signed, and the irrepressible Thomas was entertained that night at a banquet given by Bourguien and his officers. The Frenchman vied with the Irishman in quaffing bumpers, and after a drunken quarrel, during which the mad Tipperary "bhoy" chased the terrified Bourguien round the banqueting tent with a drawn sword, they swore eternal friendship, wept in one another's arms, and finally the ex-Rajah of Hariana was escorted back to Hansi at daybreak in a most undignified state of inebriety.

The conditions of surrender were faithfully carried out, and George Thomas turned his back upon his Rajahship of Hariana for ever. He had saved out of the wreck of his affairs about $125,000—enough, as he said, to enable him to end his days comfortably as a small squire in Ireland; and he was on his way to Calcutta to take ship for England, when he was seized with fever at Berhampore, and, weakened as he was by his drunken habits, died there on the 22d of August, 1802, at the age of forty-six.

The son of a Tipperary peasant, with little or no education, had risen to be an independent sovereign, had built cities, commanded armies, conquered vast territories, dictated terms to powerful princes, and proved himself a capable ruler as well as a brilliant soldier. Surely, then, we are justified in the assertion that among the careers of military adventures few have been more successful and none more romantic than that of George Thomas, the Irish Rajah of Hariana.

CHILD MARRIAGE.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the distinguished English antiquary, examining not long since some Bishop's Court records at Chester, 1561-65, was surprised to come across the entry that "Elisabeth Hulse said she was married to George Hulse in the chapel at Knutsford when she was but 3 or 4 years old, while the boy himself deposed that he was about 7," and still more surprised when he discovered that this single volume contained "no fewer than twenty-seven cases of the actual marriage in church of little boys and girls of middle-class folk."

Following up this clew Dr. Furnivall unearthed an extensive chapter of forgotton English practice.

The youngest couple described are John Somerford, aged about 2 years, who were married in the parish church at Brerton about 1558. Both had been carried in arms to the church and had the words of the marriage service said for them by those who carried them.

In some nine cases the boy is younger than the girl, and Humphrey Winstanley was under 12 when he was married to Alice Worsley, aged over 17; in this case no marital relations were entered upon, though the wife was quite willing; and the husband afterward petitions for a divorce.

The most naive account is that of the divorce petition of James Ballard, who, when about 11 years of age, was married in the parish church of Colne at 10 o'clock at night by Sir Roger Blakey, the curate, to a girl named Anne; the morning after the ceremony he is said to have declared to his uncle that the said "Anne had enticed him with two apples to go with her to the Colne and marry her."

No marital relations were entered upon, and the curate was punished for this hasty and injudicious action. The case of John Marden is thus described: "He was carried in the arms of a clergyman who coaxed him to repeat the words of matrimony. Before he had got through his lesson the child declared he would learn no more that day. The priest answered: 'You must speak a little more and then go play you.'"

Robert Parr, who at the age of 3 was married to Elizabeth Rogerson, was hired for an apple by his uncle to go to church, and was borne thither in the arms of Edward Bunburie; his uncle, "which held him in arms the time that he was married to the said Elizabeth, at which time the said Robert could scarce speak."

Property arrangement often figures as a cause of these alliances, especially where the bride is older than the groom. Elisabeth Hulse, aged 4, was married to George Hulse, aged 7, "because her friends thought she would have a living by him."

When Elizabeth Ramsbotham married John Bridge "money was paid by the father of the said Elizabeth to buy a piece of land"; according to the father of Joan Leyland, aged 11, who married Ralph Whittall, aged 11, "they were married because she should have had by him a pretty bargain if they had loved one another.

It is not to be supposed that only persons in the middling walks of life adopted the practice.

Maurice, third Lord Berkeley, was married in 1280 when 5 years old to Eve, daughter of Lord Zouch, and before he or his wife was 14 years of age, had a son by her.

Maurice, the fourth Lord Berkeley, 8 years of age, was married in 1338 to Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh, Lord Spenser, about 8 years old.

Thomas, the fifth Lord Berkeley, when about 14½ years of age was married in 1366 to Margaret, daughter of De Lisle, aged about 7.

During the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries child marriages were common. We will cite only in 1721 the marriage of Charles Powel of Caermarthen, aged 11, to a daughter of Sir Thomas Powel of Broadway, aged 14, and that in 1729 "a girl of 9 years and 3 months was taken from a boarding school by one of her guardians and married to his son."

Life.—Life is a continuous warfare, a struggle with natural forces constantly tending to dissolution, and every passing year leaves it with diminished power to resist unceasing assaults until death terminates the contest. Nor is recuperation from injury resulting from the conflict less weakened by the progress of age. Diseases of manhood come and go with little apprehension of danger or death, while the same seldom fail to prostrate an aged man and imperil his life. Hence the danger of any kind of self-indulgence or exposure when the signs of age are upon us.

Scientific and Useful.

Wood.—Wood soaked in a strong solution of common salt is thereby protected against decay, especially when placed underground.

Metal and Glass.—An excellent cement for attaching metal to glass or porcelain consists in a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which should be boiled together and stirred till the mixture is thoroughly mixed.

Green Bone.—Every fall we feel like speaking a word in favor of cut green bone for poultry food. Some form of animal food is especially desirable for fowls that have had a range of the farm through the summer. When frost destroys insects, those hens are forced to a sudden change of diet—the natural food is taken away from them. The problem of supplying this animal food during the winter becomes a serious one.

To Make Carbolic Acid Paper.—Carbolic acid paper, which is now much used for packing fresh meats for the purpose of preserving them, is made by melting five parts of stearine at a gentle heat, and then stirring in thoroughly two parts of carbolic acid; after which five parts of melted paraffine are to be added. The whole is to be well stirred together until it cools; after which it is melted and applied with a brush to the paper, in the same way as in preparing the waxed paper so much in use for wrapping various articles.

Soles and Heels.—A system of pneumatic soles and heels for athletic and other boots and shoes has been introduced. A metal plate is fixed to the bottom of the boot, acting as a rim, in which is fitted pneumatic tyres on a small scale, one each for the sole and heel. The tread of the tyre is at right angles to what it is in the safety bicycle, and to each of the tubes is connected a small tube provided with a double valve, the latter being arranged in the hollow part of the bottom of the boot between the heel and the sole.

Farm and Garden.

Ice Cutting.—Some New Hampshire inventors are cutting ice with an electric ice cutting machine. In a trial recently they cut 65 feet to the depth of 9 inches in 75 seconds. A circular saw is run with great velocity by a motor. This saw is raised or lowered at the operator's will.

Pigs.—It is a bad time to neglect the sows about the time they are to drop their pigs, or to let them shift for themselves in the woods, where cold may overtake them even in the spring season. Pork is worth too much money to permit this shiftlessness, and some sort of a shelter should be improvised.

Rats.—The loss of grain on a farm by rats is quite an item, as they destroy a portion other than that consumed. The corn crib should be made rat proof, and all harboring places made disagreeable to them. They can be prevented to a certain extent by traps, poison and other devices, but the best method, if possible, is to provide no harboring places for them.

Shoe Horses.—In Saxony no one is permitted to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination, and is properly qualified. A great school at Dresden has students from all parts of the world studying "farriery." This includes not only shoeing horses, but their care and treatment—a provision that saves a great deal of money for farmers and others owning horses.

Improving the Sheep.—The sheep provides four sources from which profits may be procured—wool, mutton, lamb and manure. If the wool only is the object, the farmer is losing his opportunity from mutton and lamb. Mutton brings a high price in market, but our farmers give so much attention to wool that they fail to get mutton of good quality into market. If the small wool breeds of sheep have been disposed of, it will be found an advantage to the farmers in the end, as they will in future give their attention to sheep that pay better and give surer returns.

Sooner or Later a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, failing strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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Of Failures.

Taking the highest standard of achievement as a test, failure is falling short of the attainment of one's ideal. Though few of us can make as good a fight as that, and can feel that the work within our power has been finished, and that we "dagged not in earthly strife," some names of men who might honestly say they used their lives to best advantage, all the while and right to the end, occur in every department of human effort.

The worst form of failure cannot be hidden from the most casual observation; it is seen in the shambling gait, the furtive look, the apologetic cringe. You feel, as the confirmed ne'er-do-well approaches, that here is a man who has no place in the general scheme of things; he is an oddment; the sense of power has faded out of him; nobody is prepared to rely on him, and he knows it. His trust is in your pity for weakness, or in his own shifty and temporary cunning—a frame of mind into which he has been driven by the want which dogs the steps of failure.

Do we sufficiently recognize that in perhaps a majority of cases failure, shambling along under a depressing cloud of public contempt, is due to the inherent incapacity of the poor victim? He is one of Nature's misfits. We worship nerve and sinew and well-braced character; but is it all virtue? Is it not as natural for the strong man to succeed as for the weakling to fail? What can be done with the shiftless?

Lack of perseverance might perhaps be classed as a form of incapacity, but it is often found in men of such fine ability that it is better to separate it from inaptitude. The failure of men who lack perseverance is generally only partial. They can sometimes work hard continuously, but it must be at something fresh. In other cases want of perseverance is only a fine name for sheer laziness.

It is astonishing how many men with with small positive ability succeed, while their cleverer comrades lag behind. Pluck and doggedness are the secrets. The man who is clever by fits and starts sets up for himself a standard by which he is judged. He is self-condemned as a partial failure.

One of the causes of failure about which too little is said nowadays is dishonesty. Fear of cant prevents the truth from being spoken. Without considering the moral side of the question, which is the preacher's duty, there is quite sufficient reason, judging only by the observation of results, for saying that untrustworthiness is as patent a cause of failure as the strictest moralist could desire. If the cunning and slippery man would prosper, he must be a great and clever rogue. It requires something very like genius to bolster up dishonesty permanently.

Among the saddest of failures are the men in the wrong place. Sometimes they are there through no fault of their own. Circumstances hem them in; they are forced along a certain road and cannot turn back. It is a family business, and must be carried on for the benefit of the family, and there is only one who can take the management; so he is driven into the groove, and abilities that might have brought pleasure and distinction through more congenial work are allowed to rust; the blood horse turns the humble clay mill.

In spite of the delightful readjustments which time brings about, introducing the man to his right sphere in ways that sometimes seem miraculous, the possibilities that lie unworked through men never finding their right place in the world gather over the mind with crushing weight.

We cannot guess how much the world is impoverished through these misplacements. But it cannot all be laid at the door of Fate. As often as not the failure of the man in the wrong place comes of his own lack of adaptability. The chance of change passed by and he did not seize it. The number, too, of those who have sought the wrong place with some deliberation is legion.

We must pass by many questions that come with the presence of the man or woman who has obviously failed. There is the part played by the all-pervading desolation drunkenness, and that scarcely less fatal saddening—drinking which just stops short of drunkenness.

Temperance advocates have a fable to the effect that it is the brightest and best who fall a prey to drunkenness, and undergo the horrible degeneracy, the growing leprosy that come whenever the will is mastered by the flesh; but the truth is that drunkenness strikes indiscriminately the clever and the dull, the lofty and the swinish soul.

We do not notice its effects so sharply when they are written on a man of poor capacity, who would perhaps fallen to the rear without this additional handicapping. It singles out its victims here and there, irregularly, by an awful lot-casting, and more than any other single cause it drags down into failure men and women who had in them all the powers that would have commanded success, except the power to resist that dread solvent of manhood—alcohol.

One of the words that is most frequently on the tongue of men who fail is "luck." They say they have no luck. Ill-luck is the weak man's excuse for the poor comparison he makes alongside the man of genuine desert. He pretends that fortune came to the successful man by as careless a whiff of impulse as that which causes the bird in idle flight to settle perhaps on this tree, perhaps on that.

We shall not deny the strangeness of the fate or providence which sometimes brings good fortune to a man just when he is ready to receive it; but the ne'er-do-well has made himself a scarecrow to the birds of good omen! Can you respect men who have failed, and who stay down? Respect cannot be forced even by kindness of heart; but it is quite possible to like men who cannot succeed.

The amiable though weak good nature that keeps a clean heart and cheerful spirit after it is aware that it is unequal to the world's keen struggle is one of the most lovable phases of character. It makes a call on our solicitude not unlike that made by the modern Greek; we feel the dispiriting romance of a failing race.

It is only low-mindedness masquerading as high-mindedness which cannot sympathize with want of success, for we all fail in proportion to the loftiness of our ideals. The poorer part of the results once hoped for may come to us, and we may thankfully grasp them; but the more radiant aspirations remain remote until, as life passes more swiftly, we know the meaning of resignation. But, if the work that comes to hand be done as well as may be, there is no failure, though high success may be denied.

IT is certainly a reflection upon the intelligence, good sense and good feeling of any one that he frequently complains of meeting uncongenial people. The best thing for such a one to do is resolutely to turn round and cultivate congeniality with every one he meets. He may rest assured there is something in each that will respond to the effort, some element in character which will command his respect, some quality of heart which will gain his regard, some disposition worthy of imitation, some habit which he would gladly make his, knowledge of which he is ignorant—something, in fact, which will reward him for the trouble of cultivation.

WHAT a gift some people have of finding fault! Praise anything, no matter what, and they will aways confront you with a "but." It really seems to hurt them when you take pleasure in admiring anything, and they hasten to take you down a peg. Sometimes they do this because they think such a course argues an experience and observation wider and more fastidious than your own; but more often it is just a petulant habit, springing from envy or jealousy, for which the offender richly deserves to have his nose pulled, as a preventive to his turning it up in future.

WE all of us very often forget that, if tendencies to physical ailments are often inherited, so are tendencies to various forms of wrong-doing. The misconduct and ignorance of our ancestors are visited upon us in both physical and moral defects, just as ours will be visited upon our children's children. In both departments also there are circumstances and conditions over which we have had no control which have largely contributed to make us what we are.

IF we would establish any real and enduring power over others, we must cultivate their trust in us. We must be so honest that they rely on our integrity, so sincere that they never doubt our truth, so just that they confide their interests in our hands, so truly kind and generous that they are sure we will do them good and not harm. It is power such as this that enables us really to help or to benefit our fellow-men.

WE are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

THE ideals that we hold, the purposes that we cherish, are but steps in the ladder of life. There are as many above as below them; and it is a far smaller matter to stand upon any particular one than it is to know that we are steadily pursuing the upward path.

ENDEAVOR to keep your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and is suffered to dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

EVERYBODY is your neighbor whom you can injure or shield from harm according as you cultivate or neglect purity in your home-arrangements.

THERE are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

EVERY period of life has its peculiar prejudices; who ever saw old age that did not applaud the past, and condemn the present times?

A WISE man, being asked how old he was, replied, "I am in health;" and being asked how rich he was, said, "I am not in debt."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

OLIVER S.—What you mean, we presume, is the insect known as the "death watch." It is a species of "weevil" and attacks wood, making a peculiar ticking sound like a clock. There is a silly superstition that its arrival in a household foretells the death of one of the members of the family, but it is without foundation.

L. C. C.—The answer to this question depends on the definition of the phrase "to run up hill." It is true that the mouth of the Mississippi is actually further from the centre of the earth than is its source, far to the north, owing, of course, to the fact that the diameter of the earth is greater at the equator than at the poles; so you could define "up hill" and "down hill" in such a way as to make the statement that the Mississippi runs up hill defensible. In the ordinary sense of the phrase, however, to go "up hill" means to go against the force of gravity, and in this sense the Mississippi runs down hill like every other river.

F. G. W.—The official religion of China is Confucianism, which is silent in regard to a future life, and makes no appeal to its rewards and punishments. Confucius himself, however, performed services, according to the ancient rites, to the spirits of the dead, and the mass of the Chinese have followed his example. Many individuals in various divisions of the Christian church have held either that the wicked are to be annihilated, or all to be finally restored to righteousness; but no sect, as such, holds the doctrine of universal restoration, and the consequent disbelief in hell as a place of eternal punishment, except that sect commonly known as Universalists.

G. H. V.—According to Hoyle, the number of points constituting a game of euchre is five, but very often this limit is extended to seven, nine or eleven points, as the players may elect. If they win three tricks, they make the point and score one, four tricks counting no more than three tricks. Failing to take three tricks they are euchred, and the opposing partners score two points. When a player plays alone and takes all five tricks he scores four points. When more than four are playing he scores as many points as there are players. By taking three tricks he secures one point, but failing in this he is euchred, and his opponents score two points.

A. L. D.—It is the duty of wives to obey their husbands, and it is not less the duty of husbands to love their wives. The husband is the head of the family, and as such he is responsible. His obligations are equal to his opportunities. If he fail, his condemnation will be the greater because his failure must entail failure upon others. The position is not one of power so much as of responsibility. If a wife obeys her husband, he is weighted with the burden of her obedience. She has fulfilled her part of the contract; let him see to it that his has not been left unfulfilled, or the end will be worse than if she has been less obedient.

POLLIE.—There is a general conviction that it is unadvisable for a woman to marry a man younger than herself. And although a violation of this conviction is not certain in all cases to be attended with unhappiness, yet, assuredly, in as far as it is departed from, there is the likelihood of happiness. When, for instance, a woman of thirty-five marries a man of twenty-five, the likelihood of unhappiness ten or twelve years afterwards, is even greater for herself than for her husband. The laws of nature have in this case been violated, and discontent and domestic discord are apt to follow. In an old theory on the subject, the age of married pairs have been adjusted according to a sliding scale, in something like the following manner: When the woman is under twenty-five, the man should not be less than five years older; when she is between twenty-five and thirty-three, he ought to be eight years older; when she is between thirty-three and forty, he should be fully fifteen years her senior; and so on.

JULY.—You feel, now that you are frequently brought into intercourse with people who are better educated than yourself and well read, that you are wanting in the power of bright and easy conversation. You are not a good grammarian, and have had no time for steady study, but you wish to improve yourself. We feel sure that you are too modest. The vivacity and readiness of expression in your letter struck us at once, and we cannot but suppose that when you are at ease the same qualities will be shown in your conversation. Nor would any set study of grammar or books help you much. Ease in society and power of agreeable talk come almost entirely by practice and by association with others. Take grammar. No study of grammatical rules will produce a correct and still less a graceful speaker. If you wish to speak well, the best plan is to ask some friend who has an ear for good English to tell you of your slips. You must conquer all pride and touchiness, acknowledge your weaknesses and correct them. Ten years of book-work would not help you as much as three months of friendly advice from some one who can recognize good English. All you need probably is to pull up a few weeds; but studying a grammar is like laboriously ploughing the whole field. Neither can you read systematically the books that provide material for conversation. You will gradually read or hear of most books of the kind, but in the meantime do not feel uncomfortable because you do not know all that women of more leisure are familiar with. Remember that your life has been far more womanly and honorable than that of a fine lady.

A WOMAN'S FACE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Up from the happy past she comes,
Through memory's golden haze,
Back from dead dreams of tender love,
A face from other days.

A tender smile lies on her mouth,
A red rose in her hair,
A violet at her snow-white throat—
Just as of old 'twas there.

Her eyes are all aflame with love,
As when I kissed them last;
They spoke my doom in holy hours,
Dead in the silent past.

Go back in darkness, tender eyes,
Red lips and face divine;
The world must never know what 'tis
Lies 'twixt your life and mine.

Found Wanting.

BY G. L. R

ONE COLD gusty March day Mr. Sotham, the principal lawyer of Woodleigh, was seen walking along the High Street towards his house with such a preoccupied air that those who observed him—and nothing went on in the High Street without several pairs of eyes taking note of it—stared at him with curiosity, commented on his abstracted expression, and wondered how matters were going on at the Gabled House, where old Mr. Ffoulkes had just died. The people of Woodleigh were just now much exercised in their minds concerning the late Mr. Ffoulkes and his belongings. He had died suddenly of heart disease. He was reputed to be very wealthy, and was known to be very eccentric; he had no near relatives, and consequently there was much conjecture as to who would inherit his wealth.

A short time previously all Woodleigh would have decided in favor of Miss Ida Fremantle, the old man's adopted daughter. There was however a mysterious rumor that at the time of Mr. Ffoulkes' death Ida was in disgrace on account of her refusal to give up his scapegrace godson Edmund Rysdall.

When people talked of Edmund Rysdall, they generally shook their heads, and spoke in parables of "black sheep" and "prodigal sons." Everybody believed Mr. Ffoulkes had intended the singularly fascinating and handsome young man for his heir, or he would not have had him brought up in the way he had.

But when Ida Fremantle appeared on the scene, took up her abode at the Gabled House, and was provided with a companion, a horse to ride, and other tokens of favor, the people of Woodleigh did not know what to think of matters, and they wondered if a match between Ida and young Rysdall was contemplated.

The young people were constantly seen riding and walking together, and were looked upon as engaged, when suddenly and without the slightest warning Edmund disappeared, leaving behind him a host of unpaid bills.

That he had been turned out of the house by his grandfather was an undoubted fact; but what the young man had done to merit such treatment remained a profound secret. Many were the misdemeanors imputed to him by the Woodleigh gossips; but in spite of all their efforts they failed to get to the heart of the mystery.

It became known however that Ida had been ordered by Mr. Ffoulkes to give up all thought of Edmund, which she had quietly refused to do, thereby sending the imperious old man into a towering rage.

Immediately upon his godson's departure, Mr. Ffoulkes had made a fresh will, leaving the bulk of his fortune to Ida; but it was reported that, upon her refusal to accede to his wishes, he had flung the will into the fire in her presence, vowing that he would leave every penny he possessed to the Littlemore lunatic asylum.

The lawyer was sent for to take his instructions at an early hour the next day; ere the day dawned the master of the Gabled house was lying cold and inanimate in his bed. Reginald Ffoulkes had been summoned to his long account.

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As Mr. Sotham passed through the office to his private room, a clerk said—

"Mr. Fairfax called about half an hour ago, sir. He said he would wait, and I showed him into your room."

"Very well," replied the lawyer briefly, and went in.

Leaning against the mantelpiece of his private sanctum was a tall young man with a fair moustache and a pair of honest blue-gray eyes—a man who had the appearance of a well-to-do young English squire. As the door opened, he came forward with an eager expression.

"Ah, there you are, Sotham—awfully glad you've come back! Do tell me how they are getting along up yonder. Have you seen Miss Fremantle?"

Mr. Sotham closed the door deliberately.

"Sit down, Nugent—sit down, my dear boy! I can give you a glass of fine old brown sherry—or do you prefer claret?"

"Never mind the wine, Sotham," said the young man, with a gesture of impatience. The lawyer had known him since his knickerbocker days, and the two were fast friends. "What I want is to hear about old Ffoulkes' affairs. Is there a will or not?"

"I am sorry to destroy your hopes, Nugent," answered the lawyer, "or rather what you consider your hopes, Quixotic though they are."

"Then old Ffoulkes never destroyed the will, after all? I was afraid it was a cock-and-bull tale. Ida comes in for all his money, I suppose?"

"Reginald Ffoulkes," answered the lawyer, "was a very peculiar man. He had a strange fancy for making wills; I must have drawn up at least seven for him; and he liked to keep them all by him. It seems that he did throw one into the fire; but I imagine it was merely a ruse to frighten Miss Ida into doing what he wanted. It was one of the earlier wills he destroyed; the latest is in my possession."

"Does Ida or any one else know of this?" inquired the young man quickly.

"I believe not. I did not see Miss Fremantle. I was told she was lying down with a bad headache. I only saw her companion, Miss Hargrave; and it was not likely I should tell that chattering magpie anything! By-the way, Nugent, that precious young scoundrel Rysdall has telegraphed that he is coming. I expect he is up at the house now."

"Confound him!" exclaimed Mr. Fairfax wrathfully. "Now Ida has the money he will stick to her, of course; and he isn't fit to black her boots. Sotham, it drives me wild when I think of it! I believe Ida might have cared for me if that fellow had not come between us. Understand me—if he had been an honest man, one worthy of such a prize, I would have gone to the wall and borne it in silence—a girl has certainly a right to choose for herself—but Rysdall is a cad. If she marries him, he'll not only spend her money, but he'll break her heart. As sure as I stand here he will! Wasn't I at school with him, and don't I know him? But she—she is so innocent and trusting, she won't believe a word against him; and, to give him his due, Rysdall is certainly as handsome as Apollo. Sotham, I would have given ten years of my life to have learned that old Ffoulkes had really burnt the will that makes Ida his heiress!"

"You feel certain that her money alone will be the attraction?" said the lawyer meditatively. "I am disposed to think you may be right, although Miss Fremantle is charming enough to be loved for her own sake alone. She is certainly a very sweet girl, and I wish matters had turned out differently, dear lad, and that you had won her heart."

"You'll have to warn her against Rysdall," said Nugent abruptly, thrusting his fingers through his thick yellow-brown hair—a habit of his when perplexed. "But, I say, look here! Nobody knows that this last will is still in existence? You said so, at least."

"What then? The funeral is to be on Friday, and after that I shall have to produce the will and read it. I am sole executor, too."

Nugent had been striding up and down the room, but he now stopped in front of his friend.

The lawyer looked up at him with a curious gleam in his eyes. Perhaps he guessed what the young man was cogitating, for he smiled slightly when Fairfax suddenly asked—

"Supposing the late lamented had really destroyed the will in question, to whom would the property have gone?"

"The last will but one which I drew up was in favor of Edmund Rysdall. The mother of Ida Fremantle came in for three or four thousand, but the bulk of the property went to Rysdall."

"Is that will in existence, do you know?"

"Yes—I saw it among the other papers to-day. But, my dear boy, what are you dreaming of?"

"I am not going to ask you to commit a felony—don't be alarmed," answered Nugent quickly; "but see here, Sotham—this is what I want you to do." He lowered his voice to a whisper and uttered a few words.

"Impossible, Fairfax—quite impossible! You must not ask me to do such a thing."

"For the sake of that unsuspicious innocent girl, for my sake, Sotham, I beg, I implore you. Only ten days, or a fortnight at the most—perhaps less than a week would be enough. Say a week—that cannot harm anybody's interest, and it may save Ida from a life's unhappiness."

"Madness—sheer madness! You don't know what you are planning. All sorts of complications might arise." But, although the lawyer's tone was testy, his look revealed to Nugent that he was strongly tempted to give way.

The young man placed his hand affectionately upon his old friend's shoulder, and urged him again and again to consent to his proposal.

"You are a very devoted lover," said Mr. Sotham at length, with a smile; "you certainly deserve to win the fair lady. But I tell you, Nugent, I don't half like your plan, although for your sake and hers I consent to do what you ask."

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The news spread rapidly through Woodleigh that Edmund Rysdall was heir to his grandfather's property with the exception of $20,000 left to the mother of Ida Fremantle, which was to go to the daughter at Mrs. Fremantle's death, and a few trifling legacies.

But for the eccentric old man's fancy for keeping his various wills, he would have died intestate, the last will made having been burnt. In this case Edmund would not have received a penny; Ida, as the nearest relative of the deceased, would have inherited the whole of his wealth.

Now, instead of being the richest heiress in the county, she was almost a beggar; while he, whose time had been spent of in outwitting his creditors, was suddenly placed in a position to satisfy everybody, with a large surplus remaining with which to enjoy himself.

Very cheerful were Mr. Edmund Rysdall's thoughts as he sat leisurely breakfasting in the best private sitting room of the Crown Hotel the day after the reading of the will. He felt eminently pleased with himself and his good fortune, although no one had been more genuinely astonished than he was at the turn affairs had taken.

Mr. Rysdall had had his own reasons for believing that his name would not be mentioned in his godfather's will at all; and he had come down to the funeral partly to get out of London, where his creditors were making themselves somewhat disagreeable to him, but more especially to see Miss Fremantle, whom he had no doubt would inherit the bulk of Mr. Ffoulkes' property. He had come down, in fact, fully prepared to marry the mistress of the Gabled House.

When he read in one of the evening papers the announcement of the death of his godfather, it occurred to him that there might be a letter from Ida awaiting him at his rooms, and, hurrying thither, he found a few words in pencil, written in a tremulous hand, informing him of what had happened, and urging him to come to Woodleigh as soon as possible.

He speedily prepared to obey the summons, feeling that at last Fortune had given her wheel a turn in his favor. Ida, while an amiable girl, had hardly enough style and go about her, perhaps—in these respects Miss Stella Dunbar, of music-hall renown, could give her points—but she would make a presentable wife, and would no doubt worship her husband.

As he was whirled along in the train, Mr. Rysdall gave himself up to a series of pleasant reflections, resolutely putting out of his mind one or two disagreeable remembrances, which however as persistently returned. It was true he had been, figuratively speaking, kicked out of his godfather's house, and he was not anxious that the world at large should know the reason why.

But Ida believed in him firmly, and, without absolutely engaging himself, Edmund had given her to understand that, he was devotedly attached to her. His only fear now was that Mr. Ffoulkes might have left his money to his grand-niece—for that was Ida's real relationship—on condition that she should not marry his godson.

When Edmund Rysdall reached Woodleigh and hastened to his lady-love, his manner towards her was gentle, deferential, and tender.

"I suppose in a day or two we shall have to pay homage to you as a lady of fortune, sweetest?" said Edmund. "Of course, as my godfather had such an unreasonable prejudice against me, I can hope for nothing."

"You have not heard that he burned the will, then?" asked Ida.

Edmund started; he had heard nothing of the burning of the will.

Ida told him the story in a few words.

"You see," said she timidly, "I shall probably be quite poor. Do you mind very much?"

flashed across Edmund's mind that, if his godfather had left no will, Ida would probably inherit his property as next of kin. This thought caused him to reply in true lover-like fashion that he cared nothing for money, but only for her sweet self.

"We may have to live on bread-and-cheese and pump water, darling," he said gaily; "but what of that?" And Ida was quite satisfied.

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By a marvellous freak of fortune Edmund Rysdall had become a rich man; and already he began to reproach himself for having acted so precipitately with regard to Ida Fremantle.

Why had he not waited to learn the position of affairs, instead of entangling himself in an engagement with a penniless girl of no standing in the world? Ida was charming in her way, but not the wife for a man who meant to use his wealth as a stepping-stone to the high places of society. She was altogether too sly and reserved; and Edmund, as he rang the bell, could not retain a feeling of irritation against the unsuspecting girl.

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Mr. Sotham was engaged in arranging a number of miscellaneous papers at the Gabled House a few days after the reading of the will when the door opened and Miss Fremantle came in. She was a slender dark-eyed girl, with a wealth of dark-brown hair coiled round her small head, and a face which was like a delicate cameo. Her face bore traces of recent tears and was as pale as marble; but the girl carried herself with a quiet dignity that seemed to indicate that she did not wish to be considered an object of pity.

The lawyer rose and greeted her with great respect.

"Am I interrupting you, Mr. Sotham?" asked Ida. "Have you time to give me a little advice?"

"My time is entirely at your disposal, Miss Fremantle."

"Then," said the girl very quietly, "I must tell you that I am about to leave this house; I cannot remain any longer, as it now belongs to Mr. Rysdall, and I am keeping him out of it. And I should like to know," Ida went on, "if you would not mind telling me, how much I shall have to live upon. My uncle left my mother $20,000, I believe, which I inherit; if that were invested, do you know how much it would bring me in?"

"Oh, perhaps $750 a year!" the lawyer answered, adding in his own mind, "She couldn't live on less, but it won't do to say any more." Then he said aloud, "If you will trust me so far as to leave the money in my hands, I will invest it for you, and guarantee you that sum at least."

"Indeed I trust you most entirely," answered Ida, with a very sweet smile; "you have always been a good friend to me."

"But, Miss Ida, what are your plans, if I may presume to ask? Are you leaving Woodleigh for good, as they say?"

It was a leading question, and he noted the great tears that were welling up into the girl's eyes and the struggle she had to maintain her composure. For a few moments she could not speak; then she said, in a tone which all her efforts could not render steady—

"I shall never return to Woodleigh again; I have been very happy here, but that is all over."

"My dear young lady," the lawyer said kindly, "I should be very sorry to think that we were never to see you again in Woodleigh, and I trust there are many happy days in store for you, losing your uncle and so forth. Where do you propose to live? Have you any friends to whom you could go?"

"I am going to London," answered Ida quietly. "When my mother was alive, we had a lady help, who has since started a small boarding house in Redcleigh street, near the British Museum. Miss Forster is very nice, and I am sure she will take me in until I decide what to do. I have telegraphed to her to expect me this afternoon. And I was going to ask you, dear Mr. Sotham, if it would be possible for you to advance me a little of my uncle's legacy?"

"Of course. How much would you like?" replied the lawyer promptly. "$500 or so? There is not the slightest difficulty about it, I assure you."

"One hundred dollars will be quite enough, thank you; I have a little money by me. And now I will not trespass upon your time any longer. There is only one thing more I must ask you to do for me, and that is not to give my address—which I will leave with you—to any one without first consulting me. And also, if Mr. Rysdall"—she pronounced the name with an effort and drew her slim figure up to its full height—"if Mr. Rysdall says anything to you about making some provision for me, please to tell him that I shall never alter my resolution not to take a farthing of his money."

"Bravo!" thought the lawyer. "I have a great mind to spring the mine at once, if only for the pleasure of kicking that rascal out of the place!"

"I will obey your wishes, Miss Fremantle," he said aloud, and, taking the hand she held out, gave it a fatherly pressure. "You will let me see you again before you go, I hope. And please remember that as long as I live you have at least one friend at Woodleigh."

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Edmund Rysdall had been in possession of the Gabled House exactly twelve months. Just a year before Ida Fremantle had left it; and what had become of Mr. Rysdall neither knew nor cared. He had offered to settle a certain sum on her; but this bounty she had declined, and there was an end of the matter. In the meantime Mr. Rysdall had spent his revenues royally and had, to use his own phraseology, "gone the pace."

He found that people who in former times had hardly seemed aware of his existence were now ready and willing to make much of him. Mothers of marriageable daughters smiled upon him, and tacitly agreed to ignore the young man's former peccadilloes, concerning which they had been wont to discourse so severely.

And, if it was whispered abroad that he still frequented the gaming-table and occasionally took more intoxicating drink than was good for him, yet these were only rumors, that it was naturally unchristian to pay attention to them. Young men of fortune could not be expected to behave like clerks earning a weekly pittance.

Mr. Rysdall was dining at home, and by himself, which was an unusual thing for him to do. He was expecting a visitor, and he smiled—it was an unpleasant smile—when he thought of the surprise he had in store for him.

"I shall like to see old Sotham's face when I give him the sack," thought Mr. Rysdall. "He must have made a pretty penny out of my lamented godfather; anyhow, he will look rather blue when I tell him I intend to employ Rogers as my family solicitor. I have always borne him a grudge since——"

"Mr. Sotham is here, sir," announced a servant at this moment. "He is waiting in the study."

Edmund poured out a glass of wine, drank it, got up, looked at himself in the glass over the sideboard, and strolled leisurely out of the room.

Mr. Sotham bowed gravely as he entered the study. He did not offer to shake hands; and Edmund, with a careless nod and a "How are you, Sotham?" sat down and lighted a cigar.

The lawyer took a seat, uninvited, opposite to him.

"Rather late hour for business," observed Mr. Rysdall languidly; "don't care to be bothered with it, as a rule, after dinner. Is it about those leases?"

"No—it has nothing to do with the farm leases," answered Mr. Sotham, taking a bundle of papers out of his pocket.

"By-the-way," said Edmund still more languidly, "I may as well tell you that I shall not require your services any longer, Mr. Sotham. Your executorship is at an end, and I prefer to employ my own solicitor. You will be good enough to hand over all papers and so forth to Rogers & Markham."

"I thought that would come sooner or later," the lawyer said, with a laugh. "It is not agreeable to have people about you who know too much of your past life, is it, Mr. Edmund Rysdall?"

"You impudent scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am aware that you forged your godfather's name, and that, though—to save you from ruin and disgrace—he acknowledged the false signature as his own, he kicked you out of his house for it!"

"And I'll kick you out of mine, you insulting rascal!" thundered Edmund, springing from his seat, his eyes flashing with passion. "There's the door; be off, or I'll call the servants to drag you out of it!"

The lawyer sat perfectly unmoved.

"You had better control your temper," he observed quietly, "and listen to what I have to say to you. In the first place, you are making a slight mistake; this is not your house at all, and never was!"

Edmund's angry flushed face suddenly turned pale.

"What do you mean by that?" he hissed. "It's a falsehood, anyhow; this is my house."

"And I say that you are mistaken. It belongs to Miss Ida Fremantle, bequeathed to her, with the bulk of his fortune, by her great-uncle, Mr. Ffoulkes."

"But that will was burned; the old man burned it himself before her own eyes. What fool's nonsense are you talking?"

"No nonsense at all, but the truth. It is true that Mr. Ffoulkes burned a will in the presence of witnesses; but the one he burned was an old one. The real one—the latest—I discovered among his papers shortly after his death. You will wonder why I did not at once produce it. This was due to Miss Fremantle's own wish. She was in great trouble, and for various reasons, which I am not called upon to explain to you, she decided to leave you in possession of her uncle's estate for one year. That year has now elapsed, and you will be called upon, Edmund Rysdall, to give up what has never belonged to you legally for one single hour."

"I don't believe a word of it—it's all a trumped-up tale!" cried the young man, livid with rage. "I'll have you both tried for conspiracy! Here—where is this precious will? Show it me, if you are not afraid!"

"This is a copy of it; the original is in safe custody. And I warn you, Mr. Rysdall, that we shall proceed to act upon it at once. The will is correct in every respect; and you have not a leg to stand upon. Miss Fremantle empowers me to say that, if you recognize the justice of her claims—if you, in point of fact, make up your mind to bear this reverse like a man and go away quietly, she will settle an annual sum upon you exactly double what you once offered to her."

Edmund made no answer to this speech; but the hand which held the copy of the will shook. In his inmost heart he was fain to believe the lawyer's statement; and a terrible blow it was to him. Retribution had indeed overtaken the evil doer.

He had sinned against his godfather, against the hand which had fed and clothed him; he had sinned against a loving and trusting girl; and now the two had risen up in judgment against him. For a whole year he had enjoyed the luxury of wealth and station; now both were to be wrested from him. Fool that he had been not to marry Ida Fremantle!

A sudden thought flashed through Edmund's mind and caused a sudden revival of his spirits. Was it too late even now to repair his error? None knew better than the handsome ne'er-do-well the practical value of the gifts nature had bestowed upon him. He would go to Ida; he would be humble, penitent, pleading. She would be cold and distant at first, but gradually she would "come round;" then there would be a grand reconciliation, with tears on both sides, to be followed, at an early date, by a wedding.

Mr. Rysdall's brow cleared.

"If you can prove to my satisfaction that the will in your possession is a genuine one, I will not dispute it. But I should like to know why Miss Fremantle allowed it to be kept back all these months."

"One of her reasons I have no objection to telling you," replied the lawyer, looking his companion full in the face. "Mrs. Fairfax—Miss Fremantle that was—had had some unhappy experiences, and she was very desirous of being loved for herself, and not for her money."

"What—is she married, then?"

"She was married this morning," returned the lawyer jauntily, "to a man who I believe is in every way worthy of her—to Mr. Nugent Fairfax, of Kennington Manor."

Runga's Revenge.

BY M. F. P.

IT WAS Nellama's wedding day. The tom-toms were drumming and the panpipes were wailing their strange music through the Hindoo village. The nautch girl from the temple was there, and at intervals her voice was heard in wedding song.

Nellama was a proud and happy girl, although she looked so shy. When addressed, she dropped her chin upon her breast in decorous and speechless modesty, which was quite the right and proper thing for a Hindoo maiden to do.

All the same there were moments when she stole a peep at the handsome Peroo so gaily decked out with wreaths of jasmin and oleander. The marriage ceremonies had been completed, with all their rites of fire and oil and sugar candy—a strange mixture of the mysterious and the childish—and Nellama was to be conducted to her husband's house.

Peroo was a conjurer by profession. It had been his father's and his grandfather's before him for many generations, and he was reckoned a prince amongst his people, for he had restored to the tribe the art of suspended animation. This was his story.

Many years ago his great-grandfather had made a reputation which still survived in the village, though the old man had been dead many years. The tale was still told in the place, of how the old Peroo—they all bore the same name—had been buried alive before some great English Sahibs; how rice had been planted above his grave and had blossomed into ear and yellowed to harvest; how it had been cut; and then only had the grave been opened.

The opening took place before the English gentlemen, and—so it was reported and unhesitatingly believed by the villagers—Peroo was found alive. It was a great triumph for the tribe, and brought them much wealth. People from all parts came to see the wonder, and to bring offerings to one who was so favored by the gods. Time passed, and Peroo became an old man; the trick was beyond his powers, and he began to think of passing his mantle on to the shoulders of others. But heredity had something to do with it; and, alas that it should be so! none other of the tribe was found to be so gifted.

They brought him strong young men, handsome boys and the babies; he prepared them and made the necessary passes, but without result. Great was the consternation and grief as year after year went by and no one was found to perform the miraculous feat. One day, when the old man's son and grandson were absent on one of their itinerating rounds, performing their tricks and gathering rupees from town to town, a girl of sixteen came screaming into his room. She was the wife of his grandson. "My son is dead! Stiff and cold I found him in his little bed. Come and see."

Old Peroo hobbled off to the women's side of the house. The women had already begun their weeping and mourning. He thrust them all aside with small ceremony and bent over the boy. As he examined him, a sudden light sprang into the old man's eye. He stood up and clasped his hands as he cried: "The gift! the gift!"

Then passing his hands over the body, the rigidness disappeared; under his touch the child heaved a deep sigh, drew in his breath, and opened his eyes. The women stood looking on in awe and wonder, and one old crone, who remembered Peroo's performances in his young days, took up the joyful cry, and sped through the village to tell it. Peroo ordered some food to be brought. When the child had been fed, he sent away the women; five minutes later he was leaning over the rigid form once more. Yes, it was true; power had been restored to the family once more, and his old eyes had lived to see it. He sat by the charpoy on which the unconscious boy lay, and watched him for the space of an hour; then he recalled him to life. The little lad sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"I have had dreams, grandfather; I dreampt that I was a bird on a cliff, and I saw myself sleeping below; you watched by my side, even as you are watching now."

The old man smiled; he had not forgotten his own dreams. When the two men came back they were told the great news. Old Peroo had a long interview with his son and grandson, and he showed them many strange things. He gave minute directions how the ears and nostrils were to be stopped with clay; how the body was to be clothed; how the restorative passes were to be made.

He told them about the tomb for incarceration, and the care that must be observed in its preparation; failure in this respect might cost the performer his life. Then the old man took to his bed; there was nothing more to live for; he had laid his mantle on the shoulders of another, and the honor of the family was preserved. The next morning they found him dead.

The younger Peroo grew up to strong and lusty manhood, and on this important day, when the whole village was rejoicing, he was taking to himself a wife, the sweet and gentle Nellama, as good and obedient a girl as ever breathed.

Who shall say that there is no love amongst these Hindoo maids? It is only the highest castes that are goshs, or hidden. Nellama's family, though wealthy, was not of high caste, and she had never been doomed to a life behind the curtain. She and her companions had run about the village as children, and from boyhood she had known Peroo.

When her parents had betrothed her to him, both he and she had allowed their thoughts to dwell on each other, and mutual love had sprung up with tropical rapidity. The young people were not allowed the liberty permitted to English lads and lassies in their courting; but these very restraints only served, like the blast on the fire, to fan the flame the brighter.

Nellama's sisters, aunts, and cousins stood around her as she awaited the escort which was to take her to the house of the bridegroom.

"Lucky girl!" exclaimed a young matron still in her teens. "Peroo has plenty of fine jewels to hang round your neck; and his house is full of brass and copper pots."

"But what says Runga? Look at his scowling face! It is ugly with disappointment and anger," said another girl.

Nellama gave a little shiver of fear at the mention of the discarded suitor's name. She had had nothing to do with his rejection; Hindoo maidens are the last people to be consulted in such matters, even though they have to play the important part of bride.

"Ah, Nellama! The bridegroom is coming to carry his bride to his house!" cried the girls in the greatest excitement.

As the procession approached the house, it was met by an official in gorgeous dress, scarlet coat, and turban of white and gold. He was only a servant, but the glory of his master's office was reflected in the magnificent person of the man. He was the chuprassee of the English Government agent who ruled the province in the Queen's name.

It had come to the worshipful ears that Peroo could perform that most wonderful feat of being buried alive, and he would see it. He could honor his poor village with his presence, if he would consent to perform before him. Peroo signified his willingness to accede to the Commissioner's request, after receiving a hint as to the remuneration.

The wedding festivities proceeded with even greater zest and spirit than before. This was good news; and the profits of the show would pay for all the wedding expenses, which, as usual, were large in proportion to the means of the family. There was one person, however, who did not join in the general rejoicing, and that was Nellama. She was proud enough of her handsome husband; and she meant to sing his praises loudly every morning, when she went to the well with the other women to draw water for the house. But in her secret heart she feared Runga's jealousy. The man had taken his jilting with a bad grace; he had not been treated well over the matter of the wedding, although Nellama's father was justified in giving his daughter, according to their custom, to the richer suitor.

Moreover, he was consumed with envy over his rival's professional success. He considered that the precious gift should by right have been his, he being Peroo's senior by two or three years, and he imagined that he had, in some way been deprived of his birthright by the younger man. If Peroo were removed, it might come to him. He had let drop sentiments of this kind in Nellama's hearing in days gone by, and they returned upon her with force, now that Peroo had grown so dear. Indian women love passionately, and their instincts teach them to guard vigilantly and look with suspicion on their enemies. Runga was an enemy, and the beautiful girl trembled for her prosperous husband as his success increased.

"I will watch him like a mother," she whispered to herself, as she crept away from his sleeping form that wedding night, and laid herself before the door like a faithful hound. "No hand but mine shall prepare his food; no foot shall cross the threshold of his sleeping room except over my body."

Four days later the chuprassee in his gorgeous coat and turban appeared again in the village. He was more important than ever, and made almost a royal progress to Peroo's house, attended by a crowd of admiring villagers.

"He bade me say that he would be here at four o'clock," was the message from his

Excellency. All was now ready. The news spread through the village rapidly, reaching the outlying hamlets by noon, and a steady flow of visitors set in for the two hours preceding the performance. At eleven the grave was finished, and the men returned to their houses for dinner—a meal of curry and rice. Nellama had everything ready for her Peroo. She had taken infinite pains in the preparation of his last meal; and she was more than rewarded for her trouble by the evident approval and pleasure written on his face, as she placed the dish of white rice and the basin of savory curry before him with the little brass bowls of various chutneys he loved so well. Hindoo women do not dine with their husbands, and Nellama had no appetite for the portion of food she had put aside for herself. Her mind was too uneasy about her husband.

Drawing her cloth over her head, she slipped out into the field, intending to run across and have one more look at the grave, now that the workmen had all departed, and before the sightseers began to arrive. As she passed behind the cactus hedge that divided her little pumpkin garden from the field, she caught sight of a form stealing away from the grave. He turned his head and looked at her, and she shuddered, for there was an evil smile upon Runga's face as his eyes met hers. What could he have been about?

"I will sift his villainy to the very bottom!" she said, as she hurried towards the spot. "Nothing shall escape my eye. I will look into every nook and cranny to see that the wicked Runga has not put any cunning and deadly poison to destroy the life of my husband. Ah, if I can only catch him in his wickedness, I will appeal to the Commissioner himself to have him punished."

Nellama found nothing but bare walls smooth with freshly plastered mortar. The little room was like a box, and perfectly empty. There could be no room for villainy there, surely, with the midday sun shining down into its moderate depth, illuminating every inch of space. Her fears subsided, and she sat down by the vault determined not to leave it again till Peroo's father arrived. She saw her husband come out of his house and look round for her. But she knew that he did not want her; it is not the thing for a Hindoo to be seen chatting with his wife in broad daylight. So she sat there, patiently keeping guard till the appointed hour.

The crowd gathered during the afternoon, and after looking at the grave, the people sat down to chat and watch for the procession. It came from the village with the usual accompaniment of tom toms and horns, and with apparently the whole village in its wake. It was one of those tropical scenes of color and light which it is impossible to place upon canvas. The centre figure was that of Peroo, dressed in white and gold, and adorned with garlands of oleander flowers. He was carried on the shoulders of his tribesmen and brother conjurers.

The Commissioner and his friends walked apart with a look of amusement and interest on their faces. When they reached the grave they were invited to examine anything they pleased. This they did, and in no cursory manner, for it was a scientific experiment to them of the keenest interest. They found the grave to be nothing but what it professed—namely, a square vault, with unburnt brick walls and floor. Peroo had eaten his usual dinner, cooked for him by his faithful little wife, and his father had given him a drink of some herbal mixture just before starting.

The eyes of all were fixed upon Peroo's father as he commenced the mysterious rite of putting his son to sleep. The chattering of the crowd ceased, and there was a breathless silence.

"What are you doing?" asked the Commissioner.

The man made no secret of it, but readily explained each process.

"See, your honor, I place these small pellets of clay in my son's ears, and these in his nostrils."

He made some passes, and Peroo showed symptoms at once of mesmeric slumber. Then he turned back the tongue so that it formed a stopping to the throat. One of the Englishmen laid a hand upon the unconscious man's shoulder and shook him, but there was no response. The men who were assisting now began to arrange the body as if for burial; they folded his arms on his breast and straightened out his legs. Apparently life had fled, for there was no respiratory movement, and a yellow tinge crept over the face, replacing the ruddy brown tint of health.

"I don't like that color," said one of the visitors, who possessed some medical knowledge. "It is uncommonly like death."

He laid his finger upon the man's pulse.

"And I believe he is dead, too," he continued in evident consternation. "His pulse has ceased entirely. They have killed him to get the money!"

The Commissioner was startled; no one knew better than he how small a value the Hindoo puts upon the human life.

"Wake him!" he cried imperatively.

Peroo's father hesitated.

"My son lives," he said confidently.

"That may be, but we would see for ourselves," replied the Englishman in a tone that intimated he meant to be obeyed.

The man was loth to undo his work, for he understood nothing of the fear that influenced the other. However, the Commissioner's will was law. The pellets were removed, the tongue drawn back from the throat, and Peroo began to breathe softly and regularly like a child in its sleep.

"Shall I wake him?" the father asked, waiting for further orders.

"No, you may finish the performance," said the Commissioner. He was relieved of anxiety and satisfied that the men were acting fairly. The pellets were accordingly replaced, and the body resumed its death like appearance. Peroo was laid in the vault just as though he were dead, but without the usual signs of mourning which mark the presence of death. Even Nellama's vague fears of evil were allayed, and she watched the preparations for closing the tomb with relief and satisfaction. He would be safe from Runga's malice there, and never a doubt crossed her mind of the power of Peroo to return to life when his father should bid him.

A stone was placed on the mouth of the grave, and the masons mortared it down; soil was spread on the top and sown with corn in rows, so that it would be impossible to disturb it without detection. The Commissioner and his friends watched the process from beginning to end, and were the last to leave the spot, excepting for the faithful Nellama; but she too had to creep away as the night fell.

But all unseen to the watchful eyes of Nellama, on the morning of the fourth day a tiny insect entered the grave. It moved timidly—pausing, hesitating, and making as though it would go back, yet always returning and steadily progressing. With the unerring instinct of its species it advanced until it reached the motionless body.

It mounted inch by inch with laborious perseverance, retracing its steps, exploring feeling, testing with its tiny antennæ, till it came to the closed and sightless eyes. There it stood as motionless as the unconscious man except for the nervous tremor of the antennæ.

Suddenly it turned and left the body, making straight for the hole by which it had entered, so cunningly bored through the unburnt brick and the plaster into the soft earth beyond. Hours passed, and nothing moved within the living grave.

At midnight two slender horns were pushed through the tunnel, and the pioneer descended the wall on its old track. It had carried its message to the hordes of its clan, and legion upon legion followed in its train. The soul saw it all, and a great agony seized it. It strove to speak; it strove to move that mortal log, through which it was wont to find means for the expression of its emotions and to feel earthly pleasure and pain.

One shake of the hand, one thrust of the foot, and the foe with its legions would flee. But the soul was powerless. On streamed the torrent in an ever-increasing flood, till it grew to a vast, seething mass of busy atoms. On, on went the pioneer of the band till once more it stood before the sightless eyes.

Peroo was to lie in his grave till the green blade sprang above it. Both he and his father had expressed their willingness to make that period longer. The old Peroo had been buried from seed-time till harvest, and the younger man had no reason to doubt that his powers were inferior to those of his ancestor. But the Commissioner willed it otherwise. He said that he would be content to have the corn in the green blade—so goes the story. Nellama was counting the days to her husband's release. She had chosen the fowl which was to make his first dish of nourishing mulligatawny. She promised herself that the broth should be strong and good, and enriched with stimulating herb and seed.

On the morning of the appointed day, Runga chanced to pass her in the village street; there was a grim and evil smile upon his face which she did not understand. Why should he smile as his successful rival's hour of triumph drew near?

A large crowd gathered to see the opening of the grave. Men with shovels stood ready to remove the earth at the bidding of the Commissioner. But before the order was given, he and his friends fully satisfied themselves that there had been trickery.

"Neither food nor air can possibly have been introduced, as far as I can see. By all the laws of nature the man ought to be as dead as a red herring," said one of the scientific men.

But the Commissioner did not look at all anxious.

"We shall find him alive all right, but rather exhausted, probably. These Hindoos undoubtedly know something about this mysterious state called suspended animation," he replied.

At the given signal the coolies set to work; the stone was bared, the mortar was chipped away, and the heavy slab levered up. The Commissioner himself was the first to descend into the grave, followed quickly by Peroo's father.

Nellama, prompted by love and curiosity, pressed forward through the throng, and leaned over to look into her husband's tomb. The air was rent by a terrible shriek; there was a cry of consternation from the Englishmen, and a groan of despair from Peroo's father.

A white skeleton lay at their feet. Peroo had met with the one dread fate that is so much feared by all who practice his art. He had been eaten by ants. No one save the last Great Call on the Judgment Day could ever reclothe his departed soul with flesh.

Bitterly did his young wife blame herself that her eyes had failed to detect the hole so cunningly bored. But detection was impossible, for the fiend who had made it had plugged it with sweetened rice flour, knowing well that no creature on earth but an ant would discover it, and that the discovery would be swift and sure.

THE KNIGHT OF DEATH AND THE DEATH-GUARD OF LADIES.—Every one who read the accounts of the obsequies of the late Czar of Russia, must have been struck by the description of the Knight of Death, clad in black armor, who walked in the procession, followed by the Knight of Glory, whose armor was all gold.

The dramatic significance of the Knight of Death is greatly heightened by the fact that this walking emblem of mourning and of fate seldom survives the ceremony. The iron armor he wears dates from the reign of Peter the Great, and the weight of it is such that the unfortunate representative of the King of Terrors succumbs from exhaustion whenever the ordeal is over.

Whether such was the intention of the Czar who first introduced the sombre figure into the funeral processions of the Emperors of Russia it would be difficult to say; but the idea of the Knight of Death, representing, as it were, the dead sovereign, not surviving that one impressive appearance would be one that could not fail to have struck the autocrats of the Empire as being particularly dramatic and appropriate.

However it may, it is a fact that the Knights of Death who walked in the funeral processions of Nicholas I. and Alexander II. both died from the physical exhaustion consequent upon carrying the immensely heavy suit of armor so many miles. It will be interesting to know if the recent knight has also joined the ranks of his predecessors who walked to their death after their dead ruler.

At the obsequies of Alexander III. there was omitted a ceremony which was very striking at those of his father in 1881. This was the guard of ladies of high rank (the third, next after the Empress and Grand Duchesses), who took it in turns to watch the corpse lying in state in the cathedral.

The catafalque was raised upon two steps. At each corner of the lower one stood a Court lady, and on the next step stood the ladies, one at each corner of the bier, robed from head to foot in heaviest crape, with broad white bands on their arms, which only accentuated the mourning blackness of their attire. Immovable as the statues they stood, relieved from time to time by others.

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS.—Here is a budget, compiled by a contemporary, of definitions illustrating the unconscious wit of children: Dust—"Mud with the juice squeezed out;" salt—"What makes potatoes taste nasty when there isn't any in;" wakefulness—"Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;" fan—"Something to brush the warm off with;" soliloquy—"When a feller don't mean to cry and it leaves out all by itself;" bearing false witness—"When nobody aint done nothing and somebody goes and tells;" ice—"Water that stayed out in the cold too late and went asleep."

At Home and Abroad.

In Yonkers, N. Y., whenever a tramp is committed to the county jail, which is in White Plains, it has been a habit of late years to give him the commitment papers, about 15 cents in small change, and send him alone to be looked up. It is a boast with the Yonkers people that, since the adoption of this system, no tramp has ever failed to present himself for incarceration according to orders, and only one was behind in arriving at the jail.

A curious form of life insurance is springing up in French manufacturing towns under the name of La Fourmi (the ant.) The peculiarity is that the longer a man lives the less he becomes entitled to. The payment of $1 a month assures the payment of $1,000 to the heirs of a man dying before the age of 38, the payment diminishing proportionately to $510 at 51. The idea seems to be that if a man dies young his children are likely to be in want, but that when he is 50 they will be able to earn their own living.

What might be called a "motorman's pose" has been developed by the trolley cars, according to observations made at a ball given by the trolley motormen in Worcester, Mass., last week. It is alleged that, while resting between the dances, every motorman stood on one foot. When running a car the motorman must stand on one foot and have the other free to pound the gong, the gong being pounded incessantly, as city people will testify. Thus a necessity of work has developed into a habit at all times. This is a subject for the consideration of the evolutionists.

The survivors of the 160 persons who left Paris in balloons during the siege have just formed themselves into a society. No fewer than 65 balloons left the besieged city, carrying in their cars not only these 160 persons, but 3,000,000 letters and 363 pigeons, which were intended to return to Paris with dispatches, and two boxes of dynamite. Fifty-two of these balloons fell in France, five in Belgium, four in Holland, two in Prussia and one in Norway, and two were lost out at sea. Eighteen of the balloons fell within the enemy's lines. Of these, five were captured by the enemy.

Coast dwellers on Long Island and elsewhere along the Atlantic coast still expect a dying life to go out with the tide. Some border State persons think it bad luck to bring a shovel into the house or to hoist an umbrella indoors, and a New Yorker of border State birth confesses that he is momentarily uncomfortable when either of those things is done. There are plenty of farmers within 100 miles of New York who will not kill their hogs in a waning moon lest the pork shrink in the cooking, and many of the same farmers refuse to plant potatoes in the dark of the moon. "September's sun should never shine on hops" is an oft quoted saw a little to the south of New York, and the hops in those parts are gathered by August 31, unless that date fall on Sunday, when the 30th is chosen.

Among the many favors allowed the convicts in the Michigan State prison, says the Chicago Record, is that of keeping and caring for birds. There are fully 600 feathered songsters in this institution, all owned and cared for by the inmates. Many of the most hardened criminals, who from their general appearance and history would not be expected to care for anything of a refining nature, tenderly care for and caress their little pets. He sides being permitted to keep the birds for the sake of their company and influence, convicts are also allowed to raise them to sell, and many a dollar is credited to the accounts of the prisoners from this source. Of course, the convict handles none of the money realized from the sale of the birds until he is discharged, but it is placed to his credit in the prison bank. It is said that the character of the convict can in almost every instance be safely estimated from the care he gives his feathered friends.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets in

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O.

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Our Young Folks.

SOME CIRCUS STORIES.

BY L. N. K

IT IS the business of the circus clown to make us laugh. Sometimes, however, he is beaten at that by the performing animals. The performing pig, for instance, always creates a roar by his cunning knowingness. A common trick for him to do, is with cards, arranged in a circle round the ring. On these cards are the figures 1, 2, 3, etc., and the pig walks round on the inside of them.

"Now, Toby," begins the ring master, cracking his whip, "I want you to tell the company how many days there are in a week."

The pig, grunting as it goes, walks slowly round until it comes to the card with the figure 7 on it.

"Quite right, Toby," says the ring master encouragingly, while all the people in admiration at this clever pig clap their hands.

"Now, Toby, tell us how many working days there are in the week."

On he goes again, deliberately, until he comes to the card with 6 on it. This show of intelligence sets the people cheering again. The next thing makes them wild with delight. It is Toby's answer to the question "How many days would you like to work?"

Here Toby exhibits great cleverness and wisdom, for after one or two journeys round the cards, he pulls up opposite the figure 1! Everybody is struck with admiration. Such a pig was never known, they say to one another; yet that apparently learned pig hasn't understood a word addressed to it. It has stopped merely at a signal from the ring master, or on receiving the "office," as it is called.

It is astonishing what a trifle this signal may be. If any of you know it, you would seldom, if ever, be able to detect it. It may be the merest movement of the finger or a foot—a movement that you would take to be quite natural. Now, how is it that a pig or a horse or a dog, or indeed any performing animal, can detect signs that would escape us? It is because Toby, to stick to the pig, has an eye for nothing except the ring master. His attention is entirely upon his business.

It is doubtful whether he sees the cards at all, or the people in the circus, or indeed anything. When he is standing still, he is looking for the signal to start, and when he has started he is looking for the signal to stop. There is nothing else in his mind; whereas in your mind and in mine a hundred different things would appear in a minute.

The same remarks apply to horses and dogs, and to performing wild animals as well. A celebrated animal-tamer tells me that an animal trained to perform never forgets the performances—neither the details nor the order.

He had himself sometimes forgotten the order of putting an animal through its tricks, and has been corrected by the animal itself. Once he had a horse that had not performed for four years. He had forgotten the exact details of that horse's performance. The horse hadn't forgotten a single item though, and the man took hints from the horse as the performance proceeded.

The funniest thing ever witnessed, and which made a whole village laugh for a month, occurred at a circus.

"The village policeman," said the circus proprietor, in telling me, "was rather officious, and caused us some annoyance with his interference. It is usual for us to let the policeman in the village, and his family, into the show for nothing. At first I thought I wouldn't give this particular one any tickets, and so be even with him for his interference. I changed my mind, however, and thought of another way of having revenge.

"It was the end of the performance. The policeman was right in front. I was in the ring myself and had been sending a horse round to pick out for me from the audience the little boy that steals his mother's jam, the little girl that steals the sugar, and so forth.

"'Now, sir,' and I saw the policeman was favorably placed for my trick; 'I want you to go round and find the biggest rogue in the company.'

"Off the horse trotted round the ring, and stopping right opposite the policeman, turned his nose in the direction of that official. Just for a second there was silence. Then the people all through the tent broke out into roars of laughter and shrieks of delight. I pretended to be very angry at the horse, and cracked my whip at it, saying sternly—

"'You have made a mistake, sir. Go round again and find me the biggest rogue.'

"Again he set off, and again receiving the office from me, of course he stopped opposite the policeman. At this I pretended to be more angry, and made a show of chastising the horse. But the people wouldn't have it. They yelled with delight and shouted to me—

"'Leave the horse alone, guv'nor. He's right! He knows better than you!'

"The policeman was red with shame. He had never had such a take down. All the little boys in the village used to jeer at him for a long time, and cry after him—

"'Who's the biggest rogue in the village?'

"He quite lost his authority in that neighborhood, and had to be removed to another district. All thought it was the sagacity of the horse that had picked out the policeman, and were therefore inclined to think that perhaps he was the biggest rogue in the place, and that the horse by its instinct might know something more than themselves. They never dreamt it was merely a trick on my part."

The leading part of a circus is the ring, and respecting it, I must say a word before closing. Circuses differ in many important repects in different countries, but the size of the ring is the same all the world over, and that size is forty two feet in diameter.

This enables a performer trained in one country, to perform in any other country. Likewise, a horse broken in to the ring in one country is equally trained for all other countries.

A curious thing is told me by circus people in connection with horses galloping round the ring. As you all know, the horse's feet fall noiselessly on the soft material composing the ring.

The horse doesn't like this. It likes to make a noise, and hear, as well as see and feel, that it is going and making progress. Horses toss their heads up and down in the stall for no other purpose than to make a noise with the halter-chain. Noises amuse them just as they amuse children sometimes.

Well, when they are in the ring, careering round upon the soft mould and clay, they get this amusement by striking their feet against what is called the fence—that is the boarding that runs round the outer edge of the ring.

You can always tell an old circus horse; for as soon as it begins to gallop round it goes click, click, clicking at regular intervals against the fence with its hind foot, and so provides itself with music. Some circus men don't like this noise, and to prevent the horse from making it, place boarding flatwise on the top of the fence all round. This projecting boarding compels the horse to keep a little in the ring and away from the fence, which it is then unable to strike.

TABBY AND HER KITTEN.

BY J. W. C.

"MEW! mew! mew! mew!" sang Mrs. Tabby's four little kittens.

Mrs. Tabby felt a very proud mother as she looked at her little darlings lying in a basket in the wash house at Grafton Vicarage. "I'll be back soon," she whispered to them in her cat language, "be good while I am gone. Don't quarrel, but be kind to one another." So saying, she gave them all a kiss in her cat way of kissing, and they all said, "Mew! mew! mew! mew!" which meant, "Yes, mother," and off she went to see a neighbor whom she had promised to call upon that afternoon.

"I don't much like leaving them," she said to herself, as she turned to give them a last look at the wash house door.

"I hope they will be safe. I don't feel quite happy about them after what I overheard the master saying this morning, but I won't be gone long. I just want to have five minutes' chat with my friend Miss Spot, and then I'll hurry back again."

With this, she sprang up the garden wall and jumped over into the next garden, where she was soon deep in conversation with Miss Spot.

She was not away very long, but long enough for the gardener at Grafton Vicarage to steal away three of the four kittens in their mother's absence; only one was left in the basket for poor Mrs. Tabby to find on her return.

There was only one little mew sounding from the basket as she entered the wash-house door. She feared the worst when she heard the feeble sound. "Oh, my babies, my babies!" she cried; "where are you? Oh, what has become of you!"

She looked everywhere—in the coal cellar, in the copper, in the wood cellar in every corner—but she could not find her children anywhere. She was very sad indeed.

Mrs. Tabby, however, was a very sensible cat, besides being a very affectionate mother, and indeed she had made her head quite sore with crying.

She thought to herself, "If they have taken away three of my kittens, they may come and take the fourth; and they shall not do that if I can help it, for I'll hide her up."

It was a very wise idea of Mrs. Tabby's; but the question was—where could she hide the kitten? She looked about in all the rooms downstairs, but she could not decide upon any corner where her kitten would be safe.

The master and mistress were away from home that day; so she had a good chance to look all round the house. She went into all the rooms, but she could nowhere find a home for her little one.

At last she went up to the attics. They were only used for store rooms. In one corner of the front attic the blankets lent to the poor people in the parish every winter were stored.

"This is the very place," she thought. "If I can but make a way through, I'll make our home at the back of this pile of blankets. No one will ever find us out here."

With this, she began to push her way through, making a very narrow passage between the different parcels of blankets till she came to the wall. Then, by means of pushing very hard, she pressed the blankets forward till she had made a most cosy little hole, with just room for herself and her child. Of course, she felt rather tired with the effort, but she did not mind that. She was so glad to have found such a safe and warm home.

The cook was fortunately busy, and did not notice her as she caught her kitten in her mouth, just telling it to be quite quiet, and ran with it up to the attic. After she had had a long sleep she woke up feeling much better, though still very sad.

She told her kitten that it must never mew now, and that it must be very quiet, or it might be taken away too.

The kitten gave a tiny little mew, which meant, "Yes, mother," and was quite happy very soon.

All went well for about four weeks, Mrs. Tabby used to creep downstairs when she knew no one was about, to get what food she could find.

She generally managed very well, though sometimes, I am sorry to say, she was obliged to steal. Then she would go back to her little kitten, and they enjoyed themselves very much in their comfortable nest.

But, in the meantime, the master and mistress and the cook had missed Mrs. Tabby and her kitten. They hunted everywhere, high and low—in all the rooms, even in the front attic; and poor Mrs. Tabby trembled behind the blankets as she sat and listened to their voices. "She must be somewhere," she heard them say, but where she was they could not make out.

One day she had a terrible fright. Her kitten was so very happy she gave a louder mew than usual; and it happened that the mistress was at the bottom of the attic stairs. "That cat is somewhere in the house," she heard her say. And there was another search; but no one thought of turning out the blankets.

At last, one day Mrs. Tabby was feeling very hungry, and she lingered longer than usual downstairs over a very tempting plate of fish that she had found. She was late in returning to her home.

As she was running up the attic stairs, the mistress came out of her room. She crept up gently after Mrs. Tabby, and reached the attic door just in time to see Mrs. Tabby's tail disappearing through the blanket pile.

"I have found you at last," she said; and soon she called the master and the cook.

"Good, faithful old Mrs. Tabby," they said, as they stroked her and fondled her; and soon the kitten was brought out—such a bonny, plump little kitten, so happy and well.

This is a true story. Was not Mrs. Tabby a loving, devoted mother to her kitten? She tried to hide it once again, but was not so successful. She did not mind this time, though, for she soon found out that neither her master nor mistress, nor the cook, wanted to take this kitten from her.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Glass was made in Egypt in 3000 B.C.

In this city over 121,000 citizens own land.

There are sixty pounds in a bushel of wheat.

There are 2393 different kinds of velocipedes.

The great steamships consume about 400 pounds of coal a minute.

The Patent Office has issued 7033 patents on laundry appliances.

The highest denomination of United States legal tender notes is $10,000.

A student 54 years old is a member of the Freshman class of the Maine Medical School.

At the close of the fiscal year 1895—June 30—there were 969,544 pensioners of this government.

The average production of wine in France for the last 10 years has been, in round figures, 781,230,000 gallons.

The average expense of a big ocean liner for one trip, New York to Liverpool and return, is about $75,000.

"Every thing am all right in its place," said Uncle Eben; "er she'p razzer make er man a good barber one minute, an' a ter'ble tough citizen de next."

"Jack the Ripper" is the inviting title of a new opera soon to be produced in Verona. The words and music were written by an Italian named Gloma.

Six head of fair-sized, entirely sound horses were sold in the town of Lakeview, Ore., recently for an average of $6.50 each. One of the horses brought only $1.50.

One of the large paper box factories in New Haven recently received an order for 85,000,000 cigarette boxes. The company agrees to have the order filled in three months.

Suffolk county, N. Y., officials have discovered, to their chagrin, that they have been paying bounty on bits of pigskin neatly trimmed into the shape of opossum ears.

Several young people of Eastbrook, Me., have organized a dramatic club, and will give entertainments to raise money for a hearse, the town undertaker not having one.

A Michigan farmer has probably got what he deserved. He fed his family on dried apples for a year to indefinitely prolong their lives, and they have had him adjudged insane.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious custom of showing friendship by standing back to back.

An investigation of the question of school lunches has been made in Boston recently, and arrangements have been made for the furnishing of cheap lunches in the high schools as a part of five cent dinners.

A form of clothing known as knee cuffs is said to be used quite generally in France by all classes during the winter. It is a woolen cuff for the knees, much the same as in America it is worn around the wrists.

One of the latest pranks in the New York stock Exchange is the formation of a Bald Head Club. The emblem of the club will be a bushy wig, which will be mounted on a pole and carried in the "Bald Head" procession.

Two poultry keepers in Bronson, Michigan, kept tally last year on the number of eggs laid by a certain number of hens. One man had 300 hens, which laid 32,782 eggs during the year. The other got 34,977 eggs from 270 hens.

The "Publishers' Circular" estimates that in Great Britain the put-out of books is as follows: Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five a day; educational books, two a day; art and science, two each every week; histories or biographies, six a week, and law, one every two weeks.

Some years ago the Austrian Government issued a decree by which every engineer who has driven his engine for an entire year without accident shall receive a reward of $50, and that those who have done so for 10 consecutive years shall receive $60 and a gold medal.

An English lad was recently savagely attacked near Newbury by a Norwegian bird known as the black throated diver, which measured over a yard and a half across the wings. A man rushed to the boy's assistance and killed the bird, which is supposed to have been blown inland during the gales.

Five systems of law are in use in Germany; 18,000,000 people live under the Prussian code, 2,500,000 under the Saxon, 7,500,000 under the French code civil, 14,000,000 under the German commercial code, the modernized form of Roman law. It is proposed to substitute a new code, the draft of which was completed this year, for all the older laws.

The failure of the Florida orange crop has caused many remote countries to be drawn upon to make good the shortage. Oranges from the Holy Land have recently been offered for sale in Chicago. The fruit is light colored, oval and carefully packed. It was grown near Jerusalem, and was in excellent condition when received in this country.

BONNY BRIGHT EYES.

BY W. W. L.

The bonny bright eyes of my darling,
Their softest glances throw
Over my life in the sunshine,
Where love and laughter go.

The bonny bright eyes of my darling,
Are tender, pure and true;
Down in my arms she nestles,
And whispers: "Love loves you."

ABOUT IVORY.

When we take into consideration the large quantity of ivory imported annually, it is not surprising that those interested in it should at times become somewhat anxious about future supplies. An authority upon Indian matters some few years back was particularly struck by this thought, and wrote:

"It is reported that England alone imports 1,200,000 pounds of ivory, to obtain which thirty thousand elephants have to be annually killed, and the world's supply must, it has been estimated, necessitate one hundred thousand being annually slaughtered. It may safely be assumed that, if this rule of destruction continues, a comparatively few years will suffice to exterminate the African species of elephant."

The assumption is, fortunately for the world at large, quite incorrect. As a matter of fact, imports average about the same year by year, but there is a very important factor which the Indian authority just quoted has evidently overlooked—namely, that most of the ivory received is technically known as dead ivory, that is, tusks which have been taken from elephants long since dead, and stored up in the interior of Africa. Of live ivory or tusks taken from recently killed animals we do not receive, comparatively speaking, a considerable quantity. There is no fear whatever of the supply being exhausted during the next two or three generations.

The following report, which was published a few years ago by the United States Commercial Agent at Boma, will be particularly interesting reading in this connection:

"The ivory shows a most remarkable increase, and is the most valuable article exported from the Congo district. It all comes from the high Congo, both north and south of the river. Steamers bring it as far as Stanley Pool, and from there to Matadi (two hundred and fifty miles) native carriers bring it on their backs. I have seen in one day five hundred carriers come into Matadi, each man carrying a tusk averaging sixty-five pounds in weight.

"When tusks weigh two hundred pounds, which not infrequently happens, four men carry them. Most of the ivory now coming down is what is known as 'dead' ivory. Some of the elephants from which these tusks came were killed one hundred years ago, and the kings of villages have been storing it, placing the last tusks brought in on top of the pile, and when they required some goods from the coast traders, the tusks from the bottom layers were taken.

"This system has prevailed for years, and it is estimated that there is enough ivory stored in the interior to supply the world for the next century. Some of these kings have stockades of ivory built round their dwellings."

Partly on account of the question of its final exhaustion, and partly on account of the high price it always secures, inventors and others have from time to time sought to introduce substitutes, but nothing really satisfactory has yet been produced.

The material known under various names, but generally called celluloid, has not served more than a limited purpose, and other introductions have failed signally; none of them will take the peculiar polish of ivory, and cannot therefore enter into serious competition with it.

Vegetable ivory can hardly be ranked as a competitor, although it is sometimes regarded as such in some quarters. It can obviously only be used for small work such as fancy articles and buttons, whilst the bulk of true ivory is used by cutlers and billiard-ball makers.

Phytelephas is a word manufactured to describe the substance, being compounded of two Greek words, meaning plant and elephant; for as the elephant is the ivory-bearing animal, so the Tagua, as it is sometimes called, is the ivory-bearing plant. It grows in the low hot valleys of the Peruvian Andes, and is utilized in many ways by the natives.

The fruit at first contains an insipid and limpid juice with which travelers quench their thirst; the liquid gradually becomes milky and sweet, and increases in consistence until it becomes as solid as ivory. The taste varies; if the fruit be cut while soft and filled with fluid, the latter becomes sour if kept long.

The natives, it is said, form handles for knives (which, by the way, considering the size of the nuts, must be fairly small ones), spindles, and other ornaments of the nuts, which are whiter than real ivory. They retain their color and hardness provided they are not kept too long under water; even after immersion for a long time, they again become white and hard when dried.

The largest leaves of the plants are used by the Indians for thatching their cottages. The nuts themselves are about the size and have the appearance of an average potato, flattened on one side. The fruit is composed of several of the nuts, and so much resembles the head of a colored man that the Spaniards out there have given it the name of "Cabeza de Negro" (Negro's head).

In commerce, the nuts are known as Corozo nuts; they were first imported into Europe in the early twenties, but their use did not become general until about 1840. They were first sold by the thousand, and in 1854 or thereabouts realized about two dollars for that quantity; they are now sold by weight, and the present market price is about fifty dollars per ton.

It is said that, at first, articles manufactured from them were sold as made of real ivory; but we fail to see how this could have been done, as vegetable ivory has not the engine-turned pattern that we have already mentioned is always present in true ivory. Possibly it was the public who were imposed upon; they, of course, are not supposed to be conversant with the technical characteristics of everything they purchase, and it must undoubtedly have been for their benefit that a Belgian chemist invented a ready means of distinguishing between animal and vegetable ivory. His plan was to place the two substances into contact with concentrated sulphuric acid; the animal ivory remained unaffected, but the vegetable at the end of several minutes developed a rose tint that was easily removed by simply washing with water.

Grains of Gold.

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.

People who live alone remain strangers to themselves.

The millenium will soon come when men begin to carry brotherly love into politics.

Cheek has to bear the blame of numerous things properly chargeable to ignorance.

Man is never so unhappy as when he hates his brother, and never more happy than when he loves him.

In deciding questions of truth and duty; remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

It is a common error—of which a wise man will beware—to measure the worth of our neighbor by his conduct towards ourselves.

Imagination is one of the great nourishers of affection. If posey be the daughter of love, love is at least sustained and cherished by posey.

Femininities.

A well educated man rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3000 or 4000 words.

Queen Victoria owns $2,000,000 worth of china. A Sevres set is estimated at $500,000.

A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar is highly recommended as a remedy for hiccough.

The man who never made a fool of himself about a woman never happened to meet the right one.

When two women meet who have babies of about the same age there is a scene of great animation.

He: Girls make fools of themselves when they imitate men." She: Naturally; if the imitation is good.

Anna: Is it an interesting story? Daisy: Extremely interesting! I don't think I skipped twenty pages.

How humiliating it must be for the new woman to remember that the first woman was only a side issue.

"Do you let your wife have her own way?" "Oh, yes; it's only when she wants to have mine that I object."

"Do you know there are deadly microbes in fur?" "Dear me! Will I have to put moth balls in the refrigerator?"

The turquoise is the stone which expresses great success and prosperity in love, and in all the circumstances of life.

Miss Passe: How do you like my new photograph? Little girl: It's perfectly lovely. Did you really sit for it yourself?

"Mamma, what is classical music?" "Oh! don't you know? It's the kind that you have to like whether you like it or not."

Mrs. Youngwife: Have you any children's mittens? Obliging salesman; No, Madam; but I can let you have kid gloves.

The New Woman movement has been taken up by the spooks. It is reported that a ghost in bloomers has made its appearance in Alameda, Cal.

"What make you women kiss when you meet?" "It is a sort of apology in advance for what we mean to say about each other after we part."

It is impossible to find after marriage how the courtship was conducted. She says he threw himself at her feet, and he says she threw herself at his head.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton is said to have a weakness for slippers, shoes and boots, of which she has so many that she could wear a different pair each day in the year.

Ella: Why, what in the world have you so many large buttons on your coat for? Lyde: The front of the coat was moth eaten and the buttons cover up the damage.

She: What do you mean, sir, by kissing me? What do you mean? He: Er—nothing. Then don't you do it again. I don't want any man kissing me unless he means business.

"Woman," began the corn-fed philosopher, in his generalizing way, "is a creature of many moods." "My wife ain't," ventured Mr. M. Peck; "she is always in the imperative."

St. Joseph, Mo., now possesses a woman's rights club, and arrangements have been made whereby the organization will number among its attractions "a billiard table and a woman barber."

Simple: It is wonderful to me how cold hearted the women are whom one meets in society. Sharpleigh: Nothing wonderful about it, dear boy. They don't wear anything over their hearts to keep 'em warm.

Mrs. Gulph: Do you give your dear, darling doggie woggie any exercise? Mrs. Nulph: Oh, certainly not, I couldn't think of making the sweet pet exert himself! But, in spite of all my scoldings, he will jump on a stool sometimes.

Frau A: Frau Neumann is an extremely tidy sort of person, don't you think? Frau B: I should think she was! The other day a burglar got into her house, and the first thing she did was to ask the man if he had wiped his feet on the mat.

Hampton Court Palace is now divided into 52 suites of apartments, the accommodation of which varies very much in size, some having as many as 40 rooms. These apartments are solely at the Queen's disposal, and are granted often to the widows of officers or those who have served the State.

A Chicago brush concern has engaged a woman drummer, who is meeting with remarkable success. She is said to have sold goods to merchants who were not in the brush business, and generally so have sold vastly more than any male drummer ever could, and at prices a man would not have dared to mention.

The other day an elderly lady, with an umbrella, stood on the sidewalk on Washington street, vainly trying to stop a southbound car. A white car came along, and the woman brandished her umbrella and cried out: "Here! Stop! You stop!" The motorman slowed up a little and called out: "We can't carry you. This is a mail car." "Well," screamed the old lady from the pavement, "can't a female ride on it?"

Masculinities.

Persons fed largely on oatmeal always have good teeth.

When suffering from a cold, it will be found advantageous to put cotton wool in the ear.

No wife should make her husband feel that he is on an Arctic expedition every time he starts home.

Girls are more courageous than men. They are ready to make a match with a fellow twice their size.

Mr. and Mrs. Szathmary, of Zsombolyi, Hungary, recently celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of their marriage.

The New York Herald announces that the word "Jingo" is probably a form of the Basque Iinkos, which is a contraction of Jangoikn, meaning God.

"Dickie, what do you want for your birthday present?" "Oh, papa, get me a savings bank that mamma can't get nickels out of with a hairpin."

More eyes must be damaged or lost than most people suppose. Two million glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany and Switzerland.

The ages of the most prominent candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination are as follows: McKinley, 51; Reed, 58; Harrison, 62; Allison, 66; Morton, 74.

A Maryland judge has decided that after a young man has called on a young lady twenty-five times, the presumption that he means business has been established.

"Well, of all the impudence! Asking me to help you because you have three wives to support!" "They don't belong to me, mister; nothin' of the sort. They belong to me son-in-laws."

When in Rome Signor Crispi has an escort of twenty-nine police officers, which cost Italy $12,500 a year. When he leaves the city the expense is increased to three or four times that amount.

A clergyman of Murray county, Ga., who was recently convicted of selling whisky without a license, and sentenced to serve a year in prison, has just been pardoned by Governor Atkinson.

"Excuse me, sir," said Barker to a boorish traveler, "but what is your business?" "I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business." "Ah," said Barker. "I see. You are taking a vacation."

Speaker Reed, of the House; Senator Frye, chairman pro tem. of the Senate, and Chief Justice Fuller are all graduates of Bowdoin. Thus Bowdoin holds the gavel over three bodies at the national capital.

Daniel Funck, of Fresno, Cal., is the youngest member of a family of seven brothers of that name, and he is 68 years old. His oldest brother is now 84. No one of the seven brothers has ever been sick for a day.

Workman: Mr. Brown, I should like to ask you for a small raise in my wages. I have just been married. Employer: Very sorry, my dear man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our workmen outside of the factory the company is not responsible.

The common crocodiles of Egypt were kept in temples reared in Memphis and other cities in their honor. There they were worshipped and fed with the greatest care, and adorned with costly trinkets. They were rendered perfectly tame, and took part in the processions and other ceremonies.

The Japanese Government has just placed orders for 18,000 watches, not to cost more than $2.50 each. They are to be distributed among the officers and men who distinguished themselves in the late war, and are to take the place of the medals usually awarded at the close of national hostilities.

The movement to substitute runs of 150 miles—or a century and a half—for the usual century runs of 100 miles ought to be frowned on by all sensible wheelmen. A century run is essentially absurd, and in many cases harmful; to lengthen the distance 50 per cent. would only be making a bad thing worse.

A Hungarian hygienist has been collecting statistics in regard to the life of dwellers on various levels. He finds that those whose occupations or poverty require them to live in cellars die first, as might readily be supposed; next come those who live on the third or fourth floor; next those on the ground floor.

The Christian Intelligencer calls attention to the fact that "age is at a premium in all the professions except the clerical. In the sick chamber and in the Court room experience counts for something; in the pulpit it counts for nothing. To treat sin-sick souls requires more skill than to treat diseased bodies, and skill is the ripe fruit of experience."

A gentleman was staying at a country house, when, hearing a great clatter below one morning, he looked out and saw a couple of grooms holding one of the servant-maids on a horse, which they led with difficulty once round the yard. He asked them what it all means. "Well, you see, sir," said they, "we're going to take the horse to market to be sold, and we want to be able to say that he has carried a lady."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A late millinery novelty is a toque made entirely of ribbon. The ribbon is closely braided, and two contrasting colors are used. In effect the toque is broad and rather flat, and large rosettes of lace-edged ribbon set as the trimming. A ribbon toque just imported to match a green and blue plaid frock was made of navy blue and apple green ribbons with rosettes in the same colors. It proved a very jaunty novelty, and a becoming one as well.

Odd evening waists to wear with satin or brocade skirts are always in demand. What the modiste calls a simple little waist for this season's bud is a baby affair of white chiffon and fine lace over faint pink silk. It is cut square and rather low in the neck, and is outlined with a narrow band of sable, which falls in three tails over the blouse corsage. The sleeves are voluminous puffs of the chiffon, with its lace insertion. They reach nearly to the elbow and are made over a foundation of pink silk. Tabs of pink velvet shirred and then edged with lace fall over the top of each sleeve in epaulette fashion. The shirred velvet is also used to form a rather narrow waistband.

Buttons are omnipresent in Paris. One lady there wore an attractive gown the other morning at a private view that is worthy of description for its distinction and simplicity—not always found together. The material was a gauffer crepe in black, made with a skirt and blouse; the skirt opened down the left side over a puckered panel, very narrow, of black mousseline de soie lined with white, the lower edges being held by some dull jet buttons. The sleeves were cut oddly, the mass of plaits being held by a smooth plait carried past the arm seam onto the shoulder. The blouse was smooth across the front and full on the sides and under the arms, the effect being to quite hide the arm seam, the disposal of the trimming being such as to produce a double breasted effect in front. The trimming was a narrow band of black marabout, which is suddenly coming into favor. The way in which the sleeves flared over the hands is especially liked by Parisian women. The collar was abnormally high and a trifle flaring. The belt was a smooth strap of dull jetted cloth, lapped and fastened with a button. Jet buttons are exempt from dissatisfaction if they are handled carefully, but the steel and silver, and especially the gilt ones, need to be prayed over and tended as carefully as an infant. If one hasn't a maid, one had better eschew them, for in this rustle scuttle life one can't herself take time to twist each one of several dozen buttons in tissue paper every time a gown is taken off.

Everything is glittering; buttons are upon everything; neckwear is mountainous and maddeningly expensive unless, again, one has a quick fingered, clever maid, or is herself past mistress and present master of the needle; everything is slashed to let something else show through; and there is a rage for all the soft, fluffy, floating fabrics, chiffons and tulles and mousseline de soies, and all the thousand and one variations upon those. Of course, all the airy-fairy-Lillian sort of stuffs are reserved for evening wear, when it comes to gowns, but for day wear they are fluffed about the throat, or show as fans or fine flutings in the slashings of velvet capes, etc. The mousseline de soie gowns are mounted upon silken robes, and instead of being lined with silk are simply draped over it with softer and more graceful effect.

Paquin has a pale blue mousseline de soie that has the unusual features of a long, wide sash, and the pretty additions of some violet flower garnitures. The mousseline is draped over the white taffeta, and the bottom is finished off with a crushed band. This is of pale blue velvet, with a white lace edging at the top and bottom. The sash is of the velvet, and the bodice is of the mousseline embroidered with violets. The puffed sleeves end in ruffles of lace, and the low corsage, which is lower on the sides than just in front, shows an edging of lace. The tout ensemble is very charming, because the airy effect has not been spoiled by overloading the gown with trimming.

Some of the new silk muslins that show all-over embroideries are made into wonderfully pretty dancing frocks in accordion plaited models. Paquin has a gown under way for a rich American matron sojourning here for a few days on her way to Genoa. It is of black satin, made with flare skirt, and coat bodice, the latter with a decided basque after the manner of the Louis XIV. period; the waistcoat is of white satin, showing below and above the waistline where the black satin meets.

Dimities, in pale tints of blue, pink and lavender, are to be fashionable material for summer undergarments, and these will be trimmed with ruffles of the same, edged with narrow lace or with pretty, dainty edges of embroidery. Petticoats of dimity are especially nice to wear under thin summer gowns, and they can be made very effective with the inexpensive edges on the ruffles.

Among the new shapes in night gowns is circular cut at the neck, trimmed around with lace insertion and edge and belted in slightly at the waist with wide open insertion, through which ribbon is run. More elaborate gowns in this style have tabs of embroidered insertion three or four inches long and edged around with lace, falling from the insertion band at the neck.

Chemises and drawers are made to match all the extra fine gowns, and they are usually sold in sets of three pieces. Another very pretty style is finely tucked back and front to form a yoke, cut out in a small V shape and finished with pointed revers-shaped pieces formed by bands of the plain lawn, lace insertion and edge and decorated with rosette bows of ribbons on the shoulders and at the neck.

The latest chemises have a little bertha cape, made in points of alternate rows of insertion and lawn, finished with edging, falling over the arm, while the sleeve underneath is simply a frill of lace. There is a lavish use of ribbon on all the undergarments, and mostly in widths much greater than the baby ribbon which has been so popular.

Some of the most fluffy white petticoats are cut to flare widely at the bottom, which is finished with two narrow ruffles, edged with lace, and over this is a gored flounce to the knee. The flounce is trimmed with wide ruffles of lace or embroidery, and headed by a band of insertion. But the most distracting of all is the new silk petticoat, of white taffeta silk, with a narrow pinked ruffle at the bottom, and a balayeuse of plain pink taffeta pinked on the edges and fully nine inches wide on the inside.

Everything is being worn in Paris, and apparently everything is to be worn. Satin cloths are coming to the fore, and coats to match their elegant plainness have plaited basques at the back and sides and are cut off across the front below the waist to show the waistcoat. Persian and Indian coloring obtain in everything and everywhere, and yet they are so unbecoming to all women of the blowsy type, and so generally imitated in low priced goods, that there is an inclination on the part of the exclusive houses, as always, to maintain a strict regard for the materials that are not so easily imitated.

Almost nothing that you can do that is striking may now be worn and labeled Paris. You may even have a blood red hat and trim it with an immense bow of white silk used full width, with the selvage showing, and nobody will say you nay or dispute that it came from Virot or any other fashionable patronized place, so long as you carry it off with the air of having received it straight from the gods, and of being fully aware of the distinction that they have conferred upon you.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Fillet of Beef.—Fillet of beef, either roast or braised, is an admirable joint for small dinners. When it is roasted, the under-side is generally larded with neat strips of French larding bacon. To braise a fillet, proceed as follows. Trim all skin and unnecessary fat from a piece of fillet, and tie it neatly into shape with string; line a well-buttered stewpan with a carrot, two or three onions, and a turnip (all sliced), a bunch of herbs, a slice or two of lean ham, if handy, a blade of mace, a few cloves and black peppercorns, and two ounces of butter. Lay in the meat, which should be well seasoned with pepper and salt, cover the pan closely, previously laying a piece of well-greased paper over the fillet, and let the contents of the pan fry together for fifteen or twenty minutes; then draw the pan a little to one side of fire, pour in at the side of (not over) the meat about half a pint of stock or gravy, and let it stew steadily, allowing twenty minutes' cooking for each pound of meat; keep it well basted, adding a little more stock as wanted. It is now ready for dishing, and can be served with a great variety of sauces and garnishes.

Hints.—Dry sliced onions in milk if you intend to fry them. Lemon and orange peel are good to flavor sausages with. Fried sweet apples are excellent with liver or kidney. Heat dry coffee before pouring on the water.

Hot Pudding.—Take four ounces of suet, chopped fine, four ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of raw sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons, three ounces of washed and dried currants; mix with two eggs, and put in a buttered mould and boil for two hours.

Scottish Way of Cooking Herring.—After the heads, fins, and tails have been removed, the herring are split open and the bones taken out. The fish are well dusted on the inner side with pepper and salt, and laid flat against each other in pairs. They are then dipped in coarse Scotch oatmeal and fried in boiling lard.

Cod a la Maitre d'Hotel.—Ingredients—Two slices of cold cod, a lump of butter, a little chopped onion or parsley, pepper to taste, a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, the juice of a quarter of a lemon. Take the fish from the bone, and remove the skin. Put into a stewpan with the above ingredients, melt gradually, and take care the butter does not became like oil. When all is well mixed and thoroughly hot, add the lemon-juice and serve.

Sausage-Cakes.—Chop the lean from the chump end of a bit of pork (or any lean from the inside of a pig) very fine, add salt and pepper and a little chopped sage, and make into small cakes, not too thick, and roll in flour. Put a little dripping into the frying-pan, and before it melts put in the sausage-cakes. Fry slowly, turning them over and over, for about eighteen minutes. Lay them on a dish, and keep warm while you fry nice sippets of bread in the fat that came out of them, with which to garnish the dish and help out the sausage-cakes.

Banana-Pudding.—Butter a pie-dish; put in the bottom a layer of grated bread, then one of bananas sliced thin, and another of powdered sugar; over this put some butter and a sprinkling of vanilla or cinnamon, cloves and grated nutmeg. Repeat this "stacking" till the dish is full, then bake for one hour. This can be eaten with sirup or not.

Cucumbers Stuffed with Ox-Marrow.—Peel two or three cucumbers, chop off the ends, and cut them into slices about one and a half inch thick; put the slices into boiling salted water to blanch, then take them out and drain them. Prepare a stuffing of ox-marrow, bread crumbs, and finely-chopped parsley. Scoop out the insides of the slices of cucumbers, stuff them with the marrow mixture, put them into a dish over a few thin slices of fat bacon, pour over them a little sauce, and cook slowly in the oven till done. When sufficiently cooked, arrange them on a dish, pour over a little hot sauce, and serve.

Stuffed Breakfast Rolls.—Stuffed breakfast rolls may be somewhat novel. Take one for each person and remove every particle of the crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry or veal, with a trifle of ham mixed with it; melt into a stewpan a little butter, and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream and the minced meat; season and stir until very hot. Fill the rolls with, close them again, set in a warm oven for two minutes, and serve garnished with parsley.

Minced Fowl.—Take a cold fowl, and mince it, cutting it into small square pieces. Make a white sauce with a small piece of butter, some flour and cream, or milk, but no stick. Put the mince into the white sauce, and set it aside to cool. When quite cold, make it up into balls. Cover them with egg and bread crumbs—do this twice to prevent them from bursting. At dinner time fry them in hot lard or dripping; serve them up on a serviette, garnished with parsley.

In cases of great weakness during illness, it is not uncommon for the patient to have distressing fits of hiccough, which leave great prostration. To stop the attack, give a wineglassful of boiling water to be sipped slowly at the very commencement of the attack. This will often completely stop it at once. Allowed to go on, the spasm may become dangerous.

When having a house papered, make quite sure before the papers are put on the walls that they are not arsenicated. Some firms supply wall-papers free from arsenic, but if you are doubtful about them submit a piece of each paper to a chemist or analyst, and ask his opinion. Many cases of persistent illness have been traced to arsenic in the wall-paper, and it is not only present in green papers, but also in those of other colors.

The Weak

The Diseased

MADE STRONG AND HEALTHY

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

SCROFULA FROM BIRTH.

Dr. Radway: Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you of the great cure effected by your medicine called Sarsaparillian Resolvent. I have a girl three years old last September who has suffered with scrofula ever since she was two years old. In fact, the doctor told us she was born with it. We had our best local doctors with her, and it seemed like all hope was gone, for they told us if the disease settled on her lungs she could not be cured. This frightful disease seated or seized upon her lungs severely. I began to think that our little girl could not live long, our physician's medicines doing no good. In the meantime I received a copy of your medical publication called "False and True," which you sent me. After seeing the accounts of so many cures affected by your treatments, I at once resorted to them, though I could scarcely find any in this country, but I had the luck to get one bottle, and by the time she used it all she was most well. The ulcers that were making their appearance on her body are entirely gone, her lungs almost healed, or at least she has almost quit coughing. She has begun on second bottle and I believe by the time she uses all of it she will be well. She had a very bad cough. If I could have secured this treatment in time I could have saved money by it, but it is a hard matter to get hold of it in this country. I am yours with respect,

SAMUEL S. BARKER,
Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va.

FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

SKIN DISEASES, HUMORS AND SORES

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL! THE BEST!

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Daphne.

BY G. B.

TALL, angular, and peculiarly plain, she was the wife of a Queensland Bush Carrier; and it is, I believe, an accepted fact that ladies of that station are not noted either for their culture or their refinement.

Crawling with heavily laden bullock wagons across plains and never-ending scrubs would not appear to be an existence possessed of many charms, and yet I believe there is no case on record of a man or woman who, having once served his or her apprenticeship to the trade, has ever returned to the civilized life again.

In the Queensland Bush carrying trade, you must understand, there are three main arteries, the townships of Hughenden, Longreach, and Charleville, and from each of these places there flows continually a stream of enormous table-topped wagons, bound for stations in the great west, all more or less remote from what is generally supposed to make life worth living.

The existence of the carrier is rough to a terrible degree, and must in no way be confounded with that of the respectable, jog-trot class who ply their trade in English rural districts. Let me picture for you a night's camp of one of these nomad families.

Imagine the treeless plain, say some two or three hundred miles from civilization, extending as far as the eye can reach on every side. In the foreground you will probably have a fair-sized water-hole, up to the side of which, as you look, lumbers an enormous wagon, piled with loading of every kind and description, and drawn by perhaps twenty bullocks.

Wearied after their long day's march, the team drags up to the water and then comes to a halt with a deep grunt of satisfaction. The sun, which throughout the day has caused them untold agonies, now lies low upon the horizon, turning the dreary plain into the likeness of a waveless sea, and painting the placid water-hole with colors of ever-hanging beauty.

Once at a standstill, the word of unyoking commences; and after this is accomplished, the off-sider, or driver's assistant, hobbles certain bullocks, and conducts the herd to water and the best grass; the driver meanwhile places the yokes in proper places upon the pole, preparatory to an early start upon the morrow.

The carrier's wife, by this time, has descended from her perch on the summit of the load, and, with a crowd of nut-brown children at her heels, has set about her preparation of the evening meal. Ere it is eaten, the sun has packed his pillows in the west, and dropped into his crimson bed.

As daylight disappears, and without an interval of twilight, darkness descends upon the plain, and one by one sundry jewels drop out of the treasure-house of night to deck the canopy of heaven. The stillness is most remarkable, and later on, when each member of the tiny party has found a resting-place among the loading or beneath the wagon, it becomes even more intense, till only the whistle of a curlew, the cry of a marauding dingo, or the distant boom of the bullock bells jars upon the sleeping night.

By daybreak the community is once more astir, and when breakfast has been eaten, the team is yoked up. Then the woman places herself and children upon the top of the wagon, the carrier takes his place and cracks his heavy whip, the bullocks away forward, and once more the journey is resumed across the same interminable plain.

So, week in week out, from year's end to year's end, the same life goes forward, never varying save when rain, or scarcity of grass, makes the track unpassable.

Small wonder, therefore, that the women grow to be hard and rough, consorting, as they do, with none but the sternest of the opposite sex, and daily doing work that would test the patience and endurance of the strongest man. These are some of the folk who in reality do the building up of colonies, although the credit goes to another noisier, uglier, and far less useful class. But to get back to my story.

As I have said at the beginning, she was tall, angular, and peculiarly plain, and, in spite of the glaring incongruity of it, it must be recorded that her baptismal name was Daphne. Her husband was a carrier on the Hidgeree-Kalaba track, and she was at once the brain and mainstay of his business.

My first acquaintance with them occurred on the edge of a Boree scrub, a dismal place, and more than a hundred miles removed from either of the above townships. They were camped beside a big water-hole, and on dismounting from my horse, I was introduced by the carrier, with becoming ceremony, to his wife.

Great were the proofs of friendship they showed to me, and long will I cherish the memory of that rough but hearty hospitality. Next morning I went my way, they theirs, and it was not for nearly a year that we met again.

When next I heard of them, Daphne was in the township hospital, recovering from a serious accident occasioned by a fall from the wagon; and her husband, an enormously built man, with a rough manner, which, by those unskilled in such matters, might easily have been mistaken for insolence, had that very day returned with loading from the west. By inquiring after his wife, whose illness I was aware of, I touched the right string; for his eyes lit up, his voice softened, and he answered my questions with surprising meekness.

"She was getting on well," he said; "but all the same, it was terrible slow work."

Now, it must be known here that although the Kalaba hospital occupies the best position in that township, even then, it is, if anything, a little less cheerful than an undertaker's show room. Great gray plains surround it on three sides; the township, with its ugly whitewashed roofs, stare at it from the fourth; and it would be impossible to say which view would be likely to have the most depressing effect upon an invalid.

I am told that Kalaba was only designed as a depot for the Great West, and I console myself with the reflection that in the very near future the Overland Railway will obviate that necessity, and then it will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. At present it is the Decalogue turned backwards.

When my business was finished, I rode up to the hospital and left some newspapers. Daphne being the only patient, I found her occupying the best bed in the only ward. Her wiry black hair straggled in rank confusion about the pillow, while her complexion harmonised, as near as a well tanned skin would permit, with the great dark honest eyes lent relief to the monotony of her expression, and they were now full of something which, when read aright, spelt hopelessness of an extraordinary degree.

Towards the end of the afternoon the husband made his appearance, and, preceded by the matron, stalked into his wife's presence. For a moment he stood in the doorway, dazed, bewildered perhaps by the half darkness; then, recognizing his wife, he advanced towards the bed.

"Daphne, old gal," he said, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bent over her, "an' 'ow's it with ee now? Ye looks better by a darned sight!"

She gave a little sigh before she replied.

"I'm nearly well now, Bill; better'n I 'ave been by a long chalk. Sit ye down, old man, and tell us 'ow it goes with the children and team!"

Bill sat very gingerly on the edge of the bed, and as if out of compliment to the peculiar cleanliness of the place, fell to scrubbing his face with a flaring red cotton handkerchief.

"The kids is fit, an' the team's first class!" he answered.

Then with a gesture of almost awe, he assumed possession of one of the thin brown hands upon the coverlet.

"My lass, 'ow dog poor yer 'ands has got, to be sure; but they was always pretty 'ands to my thinkin'."

Daphne patted his great brown paws and allowed a little wan smile of gratified vanity to flicker across her face. Let the woman be ever so old and plain, she is never beyond the reach of a compliment from the man she loves.

"An' 'ow's the roads lookin' out back?" she asked.

"Al, an' no mistake; green as a leaf all the way. From here to Kidgeree Creek there's water in every hole, an' the little wild-flowers yer used to like is that thick along the track, yer can hardly see the grass for 'em. I brought yer some!"

Out of the lining of his big cabbage-tree hat, he took a tiny bunch of Bush bluebells and placed them in her hand. It was a critical moment for both of them. He was acutely afraid of ridicule; she, for some reason she could not have explained, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She laid the flowers on the table by her bedside, and then turned to her husband, the better to express her thanks.

"Bill," she said softly, "you was a allus good chap to me!"

"Nay, nay, my lass, you mustn't say that. You don't know 'ow we misses yer out yonder; things ain't the same at all without you. Make 'aste an' get well an' come back to the kids an' me, an' let's get out of this 'ere town."

"Bill! I shan't be"——

"Shan't be what, lass?"

He looked rather anxiously down at her.

"I shan't be"—— The weak voice paused as if to think of a word, then she seemed to choke, and after that a painful silence ensued. Finally she said: "I—shan't be long."

Bill gave a sigh of relief and continued: "I'm 'avin' new tires put on the fore-wheels, an' we've got the new pair o' steers in place o' Billabong an' Blossom that were too old for work. We've got full loadin' out to the Diamantina an' back, an' when the trip's done there'll perhaps be a matter of twenty pounds to put into the stocking for the kids. Get well, my lass, an' come back to yer place on the load; the Bush wind, an' the blue sky, an' the sight o' them wild flowers'll soon set yer right. Yer ain't feelin' any worse, are yer?"

"No, old man; the doctor says I'll be out again this side o' Sunday."

"That's the talk! We're camped down yonder on the creek, an' the day ye're out I'll come up an' fetch yer meself. The team'll be all fresh, the loadin''ll be aboard, an' the very next mornin' we'll have the yokes on, an' be where a man's got room to breathe!"

"Why, Bill, I never 'eard yer talk so before! It's like what the parson, who comes here every Monday, calls poetry!"

There was an ocean of pathos in the man's reply.

"Yer see, old girl, I must talk a bit different, for yer ain't never been ill like this afore!"

Another long silence fell upon the pair. Then he rose to say good-bye, and his wife's face grew, if possible, paler than before.

"Bill!" she began falteringly, "I've been a-tryin' all the time yer've been here to tell yer somethin', but I dunno 'ow to begin. It's this way"——

"Out wi' it, my lass. What's wrong? Ain't they been a-treatin' yer well in 'orseptial?"

"It's not that, Bill," she answered. "But there, I can't tell you. Flesh and blood couldn't, let alone yer wife. You must just ask the doctor, when yer get outside, if 'e's got anythin' to say agin' me walkin' with the team, will yer?"

"If yer says so, in course. But Daphne, there ain't nothin' agin' it, is there?"

"You ax 'im; 'e'll tell yer, Bill. But 'ere's the matron coming; I guess yer'd better be goin'. Tell them kiddies their mother ain't forgot 'em!"

Raising herself with an effort, she pulled the big man's tangled head down to her, and kissed him on the forehead with a gentleness that would have been grotesque, if the sentiment that prompted it had not been so gruesomely pathetic. Then, as the matron approached the bed, he went down the corridor to find the house-surgeon.

The latter, I may tell you, was a rough man, embittered by hard work and insufficient returns; the position of the house-surgeon in a Bush hospital being but little sought after by the shining lights of the profession.

When Daphne's husband entered, he was engaged writing to the board, demanding, for the sixth time, an increase in his meagre salary.

He looked up, and seeing the man before him, said roughly: "Well, what do you want?"

The carrier shuffled from one foot to the other with evident uneasiness.

"Beg yer pardin, sir, an' sorry for interruptin'; but the missus axed me to ax you as if it were not likely yer'd have any objection to 'er walkin' alongside the team when she comes out?"

"Whose misses?—Oh! I understand: the woman in the ward there. Walk beside the team? Good heavens, man! What are you talking about? Are you mad? How on earth can she walk beside the team?"

"I mean, in course, sir, when she's well enough to come out."

"Well enough to come out? Why, man alive! she's as well now as ever she will be. It was compound fracture of both femur, and a double amputation. She hasn't a leg to stand on, much less to walk with! No! No! You'd better look out for a house in the township, and find somebody to move her about for the rest of life. She'll never be able to travel with you again. Here! hang it, man go outside if you're going to be ill!"

"I ax yer pardin, sir, but—if yer don't mind, I'll just sit down for a minute. Everything's—a-goin' round an' round, an' I don't somehow feel kinder well!"

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—They have a sheriff in California who is evidently anxious that the law should be carried out at once economically and effectively.

It would seem that no one or two occasions men who have desired a free transport to New York have hit on the ingenious idea of accusing themselves of murders, and have in consequence been taken to that famous city, when of course their innocence has been established, and they have been released.

Another man lately tried this scheme on the sheriff, who however has hit on a method of stopping it.

The last self-accused slaughterer went to the sheriff and told a long story of the agonies of conscience which afflicted him.

"So your conscience ain't easy, eh?" the official asked.

"Ah," replied the murderer, "I have the curse of Cain on my brow. I wander, wander, but find no rest."

"And you're the man?"

"I am."

"And you want to be hanged?"

"I feel that I shan't rest easy till I am hanged."

"Well, my friend," replied the sheriff, thoughtfully, "the county treasury ain't well fixed at present, and I don't want to take any risks in case you're not the man, and are just fishing for a free ride to New York. Besides, those New York courts can't be trusted to hang a man. On the whole, as you say you deserve to be killed, and want to be killed, and as it can't make much difference to you or society how you are killed, so long as you are, I guess I will kill you myself."

The sheriff drew a revolver from his pocket, but before he could level it the murderer was down the road out of shot.

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Humorous.

He saw her, and his youthful breast
Was fired with love's sweet flame.
Alas! her father fired the rest
Of his poor, fragile frame.

Better late than never—Husbands.

When a man marries a deaf mute he takes a silent partner.

"This suspense will kill me," remarked the murderer, as he stood on the scaffold awaiting the drawing of the bolt.

Young gentlemen who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not usual for young ladies to take too ardent spirits.

A new style of obituary item has been invented. Here is the first sample: "Francis Bohlo, of New York—third-story window."

He: If you were not so tall I'd propose to you.

She: If you did, you'd see how short I could be!

Shiny Pete: Chee, but I got 'er snap.

Shoebrush Bill: Wat's dat?

Shiny Pete: I shines a fella ever' day wot's got er wooden leg!

Bobby: I had three fights to-day and I didn't get licked once.

Bingo, reaching for a strap: Well, my son, the day is not yet over.

De Tanque: In drinking you ought to make up your mind to stop at a certain point.

Old Soak: I do; but the point is so far away that I'm always drunk before I get within sight of it.

A politician, in speaking of a rival, said:

"Why, he makes his grog so strong that he is obliged to use toughened glass for his tumblers!"

Bjones: Hello, Harduppe! What are you doing in a bank?

Harduppe: Hush! Don't say a word. There's a fellow chasing me with a bill, and I came in here because I know he'll never think of finding me in a bank.

Jinks: I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vaze, vace, vahs or vawse.

Blinks: You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."

The gallery was crowded. The timbers cracked ominously. A few timid ones half rose.

"Aw, seddown!" shouted Boncey McGinn; "dey ain't no danger at all. Don't you see de cop ain't runnin'?"

Critic: Oh, yes, I think you might easily adapt "Hamlet" to the capabilities of your company.

Manager: What suggestions would you make?

Critic: Well, I should have all the killing shifted to the first scene.

Little Paul is having a good deal of difficulty in committing to memory the Lord's Prayer. The other night, after repeating it with the assistance of his mamma, he looked up and said:

"Mamma, won't the Lord be glad when I can say this through without a break!"

Hoax: There was a fellow in Court to-day charged with stealing a horse and leaving his bicycle in place of it.

Joax: What did they do? Convict him?

Hoax: No; the jurymen were all cyclers, and they recommended that the prisoner be sent to an insane asylum.

A statesman, at a banquet, in proposing the health of the clergy, said that "in these days clergymen were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a Jeremy Taylor." He was next day reported to have said, "In these days clergymen were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor."

Beggar: Won't you help a poor blind man?

Pedestrian: You're no blind man.

Beggar: How do you tell that?

Pedestrian: Because you can see as well as I can.

Beggar: Ah, sir, there's none so blind as those who won't see.

Judge: Prisoner, did you commit the burglary alone, or with the help of others?

Prisoner: With the kind help of the Eighty-third Regiment Band.

Judge: What? Explain yourself.

Prisoner: Well, you see, Judge, the band made a halt, and all the people in the house went to the front to listen, so that I worked quite undisturbed in the back.

A lawyer, trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case, in the course of his cross-examination said:

"You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every night during this time?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Were you and he interested in any business together?"

"Yes," answered the man unhesitatingly—"yes."

"Ah! Now will you be good enough to tell us how, and to what extent, and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested?"

"Well, I have no objection to telling," was the reply. "I was courting his daughter."

THE RICH.—Who are they who are esteemed rich by the special circle in which they move, and what have they in common with each other? In the alley it is the boy with a whole pair of boots or the most marbles; in the High School it is the girl with the daintiest luncheon, or the most numerous opportunities for entertainments; in the country it is the farmer with the broadest fields; in the city it is the man with the largest business or the most magnificent house or the fastest yacht.

What is the single characteristic that distinguishes these leaders of so called wealth in their various communities? Simply that they possess more than their neighbors. For most spectators this is sufficient; each usually limits his vision by the largest radius of his desire. But how many of the leaders themselves agree with the popular verdict? How many consider themselves rich? A few, doubtless.

There is a type of mind which is satisfied with the consciousness of having more than his neighbors, and with the pleasant reflection that his friends consider him the most fortunate one amongst them; but there are very many more in all classes who are never satisfied with what they have. This may take an intelligent form and lead to ambition and improvement, or it may take an ignoble form and lead simply to discontent.

THEY DOCTOR THEMSELVES.—It would appear that animals are as good practitioners of medicine as a majority of the human species, and that in hygiene man might well take a lesson from them. Elephants, stags, birds and ants wash themselves or bathe.

Sheep when ill seek certain herbs, and puss also finds a remedy in a certain species of grass or herbs. An animal suffering from rheumatism keeps in the sun.

The warrior ants have ambulances, and when an investigator cut the antennæ of an ant, other ants covered the wound with a transparent fluid, secreted in their mouths.

A wounded chimpanzee stops the bleeding of the wound by placing leaves and grass on the wound. A dog on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, plunged his head repeatedly for several days in running water, and recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye. He remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although he had previously been in the habit of keeping close to the fire. He rested for several days, abstained from food during that time, licked his paw, and applied it to the wounded eye.

BEAUTY.—All beauty, whether in nature or human life, whether that of external objects or internal characteristics, appeals to the eye which beholds it. "If eyes were made for seeing, Then beauty is its own excuse for being." There are doubtless many elements of beauty still hidden from the gaze of man, both in nature and in character, in the possibilities that surround us, and in those that lie within us; but, until they are seen, they cannot claim to be beautiful; and it should be our continual effort to open them up, to translate them into the actual and the visible, and so to create ever new and fresh images of beauty for the happiness and welfare of mankind.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.08, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.33, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.08, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 2.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.25, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 6.00 p m.

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